# FRANK FBANK LEELIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 469-Vol. XIX.]

121 125 149

181 181 221

229 229

8

13 21 60

101 101

213 213 228

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 24, 1864.

\$4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS \$1 00. PRICE 10 CENTS.

#### Commencement of Volume XIX.

Another volume opens with this number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, the most successful illustrated paper in the country, as its long career shows; for one after another the rivals which have risen have disappeared, after a brief and ineffectual attempt to compete with us in enterprise, tact and a full understanding of what the American public in their good taste require of any one who claims to instruct and interest them.

With a staff of special artists, whom long training has made unequalled, our facilities are almost incredible, and the truthfulness of our sketches makes the paper really one of the

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper are so well-known, the accuracy and ability of its sketches are so instinctively felt, that it is the exclusive source, we may say, to which men turn for illustrations of American affairs.

This position has not been acquired without labor, judgment, expense and untiring watchfulness; and we intend to relax in no degree our efforts to render our paper, with every issue, additionally interesting. It is, and shall continue to be, the real illustrated record of all that is exciting, absorbing, curious or interesting that occurs around us.

Of our illustrations of the war it is needless

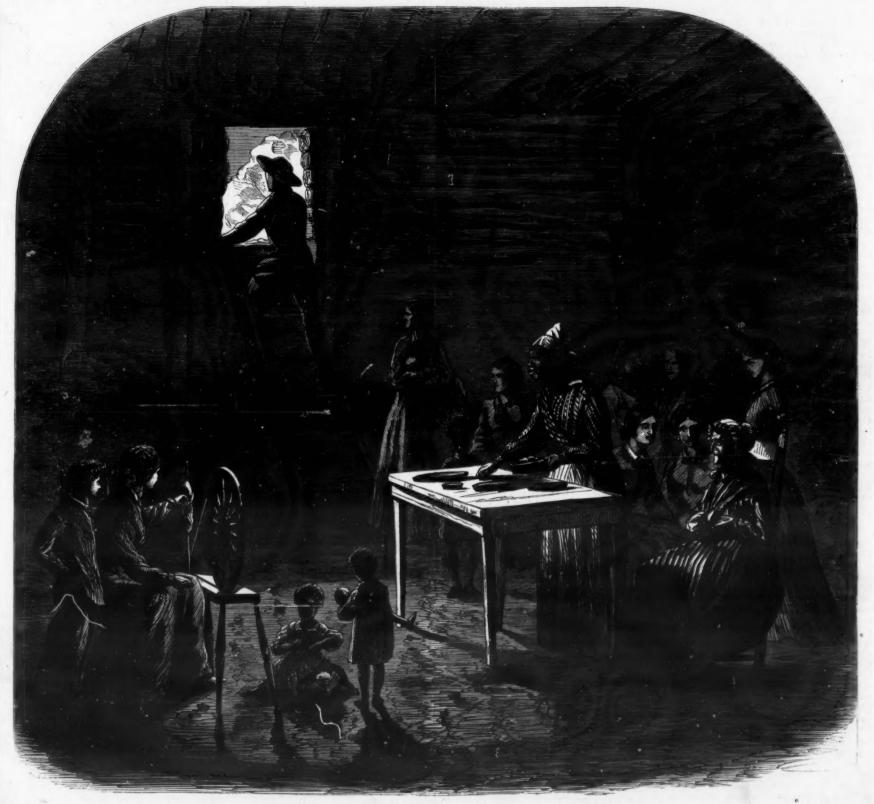
wonders of our time. In Europe the merits of | to speak; but now that the war is so rapidly approaching to a close, now that a glorious peace will soon witness the country reunited under the Federal Government, we promise a weekly paper filled with matter as full of interest and attraction, as valuable and instructive as

> Our literary department improves with time. The corps of graceful American writers drawn around us contribute interesting tales, which, independent of being illustrated as our tales and poems are, stand unrivalled in skill and power. Our paper is thus not only the best Illustrated Newspaper, but in every sense a Illustrated Newspaper, but in every sense a late our readers and the friends of human Family Paper of the highest order and merit.

Subscribers whose terms have expired, and all who wish to have Frank Leslie's Illus-TRATED NEWSPAPER a weekly visitor, should now promptly renew their subscriptions.

#### The Crisis is Past-The Military and Political Situation.

THE crisis is past. The Union will live. The day of deliverance dawns in the brightening sky. Our great sacrifices in this sanguinary and exhausting war will soon be crowned with the enduring reward—the incalculable blessings—the exalting consummation of a glorious and permanent peace. We congratu-



DITTRILIOR OF A BOMEPHOOF IN A GARDEN AT ATLANTA, GROEGIA, DURING THE BOMBARDMENT.

hemispheres, embracing the four continents, and all the islands of the sea, upon the glorious prospect before us. From the James river to the Mississippi, from the Appomattox to the Chattahoochee, from the mountains of the Tennessee to the waters of Mobile bay, the salvos of victory from the heroic soldiers sailors of the Union are answering each other. The military situation has never been so good, the final issue never so clear as now, and all the political developments and signs of the s, East and West, North and South, are qually encouraging.

The wail of agony which comes up from the rebel capital over the fall of Atlanta tells more impressively than facts and figures can the deadly character of the blow which has there been given to the reeling Southern despotism of Jeff Davis. The desperate but futile efforts of Gen. Lee to extricate himself from the inflexible grasp of Gen. Grant, show that the fate of Vicksburg or Chattanooga is settling over Richmond. In a word, the rebel leaders have brought their cause to the point of exhaustion and certain ruin, in staking their fortunes upon a struggle of the limited military forces and resources of the rebellious States, against the tremendous power, means and appliances of the Government and the loyal States. In the outset, with the substantial wealth, the ruling class, the servile race, and the bulk of the able-bodied white men of thirteen States (may we not say fourteen)? with a population exceeding twelve millions at his service, the daring enterprise of Jeff Davis depended mainly for success upon doubtful contingencies of outside assistance. Now, with this great original conspiracy practically reduced from thir-teen or fourteen to some half dozen States, or rather parts of States, and from twelve millions of people to less than five, more than one-half blacks, and with all expectations of foreign aid abandoned, surely we may say that the issue of the contest is already determined, and that the Southern Confederacy is defunct.

We have from time to time touched upon this suggestive contrast between the original strength and present weakness of the rebellion, to cheer the brave and to lift up the desponding on the Union side. But in a few touches, as with a master's pencil, Gen. Grant, in a a recent familiar letter to the Hon. E. B. Washburne, has so forcibly portrayed the exhaustion of the Davis Confederacy, that we cannot refrain from the reproduction of this reliable testimony. Gen Grant says that "the rebels have now in their ranks their last man;" that "their little boys and old men are guarding prisoners, guarding railroad bridges, and forming a good part of their garrisons for entrenched positions;" that "any man lost by them cannot be replaced;" that "they have robbed the cradle and the grave equally to get their present force;" that "besides what they lose in frequent skirmishes and battles, they are now losing, from desertions and other causes, at least one regiment per day;" and that "their only hope is now a divided North." All dreams of foreign intervention-all hopes of arresting the onward movements of our fleets and armies are abandoned. "Their only hope is now a divided North.

But what division can they be hoping for? We will let Gen. Grant explain. He says, "I have no doubt but the enemy are exceedingly anxious to hold out until after the Presidential election." And wherefore? Because "they have many hopes from its effects. They hope a counter-revolution; they hope the election of a peace candidate; in fact, like Micawber, they hope for something to turn up." These statements of Gen. Grant are abundantly established by the late Jeremiads of the Richmond journals. Their military misfortunes, they plead, must be retrieved within the next 60 days, in order to create dissensions, divisions and a political revolution in the North, or their Southern Confederacy is at an end. Their hopes, in brief, rest upon the peace leaders of the Northern Democracy, and the dabious peace, promises of the Chicago platform, through the agency of the peace-at-anyprice faction of the loyal States.

must 1 Without touching the issue bethe winds. tween the claims of the Administration and the Opposition, it will suffice for our present ose that Gen. McClellan's letter of acceptance of the Chicago nomination cuts him clearly adrift from the peace-at-any-price faction. He will have nothing less, as a basis of peace, than one Government for the whole country, nothing less than the Union, under the Constitution of the United States. In taking this position Gen. McClellan extinguishes this last hope of the rebel leaders and their Northern sympathisers of a disunion peace through his election to the Presidency. He tells them, substantially, that even with his election, short of the submission of the rebellious States to the Union there can be no peace. He cannot stultify himself. He cannot write his own condemnation in a false confession that as a soldier of the Union he has been guilty of prosecuting a needless and unholy war. What the peace-at-any-price faction may do in the premises is a matter of small con-It is enough that by Gen. McClellan's letter they are disarmed and rendered powerless for further mischief.

We therefore congratulate the country that the one essential mentioned by Gen. Grant as demanded for the complete success of the Union cause-a "unity of sentiment North," is substantially secured; for whatever may be the result of the Presidential struggle, the question of a Southern Confederacy on any terms and the peace-at-any-price faction of the North are practically thrown out of the canvass. Jeff Davis can have no further interest in the sucess of the Chicago ticket, his ultimatum being "Southern independence or Southern exter-His Northern adherents are set mination." aside. They can have no interest in foment-ing "a counter revolution" which promises no compensation. The war, in any event, will be prosecuted to the ultimatum of one Government for the North and South under the Federal Constitution. The rebellion is fairly within the grasp of Gen. Grant. The last danger of a Northern "counter revolution" is over, the last serious obstruction is removed. Our course is clear. The speedy success of the Union cause is assured. The end draws nigh. The brighter day of a "more perfect Union" and an enduring peace approaches, and its blessings will extend to the uttermost parts of the earth.

#### Barnum's American Museum.

IMMENSE ATTRACTIONS.—Colossal Giants, Dimi-nutive Dwarfs, Albino Children, Japanese Hog, Skating Pond, Wax Figures, etc., etc., Aquaria. DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES daily at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock P. M. Admission to all only 25 cents. Children under ten, 15 cents.

#### Oscanyan's Oriental Album,

onsisting of 23 Photographic Portraits of Oriental Men nd Women, taken from life in both indoor and outdoor ostumes, representing Turkish, Jewish, Armenian, ircassian, Egyptian and Druz nationalities, and also cenes from domestic life, illustrative of Mr. Oscanyan's

scenes from domestic life, illustrative of all the seem on every drawing-room table; and the cheapest and most sceeptable present that can be made to a lady. Costs only \$3. Sent free, by mail, on receipt of the price, by C. OSCANYAN,
Second Avenue, 2d door from 56th 8t., N. Y.
N. B.—To prevent counterfeiting, each package is accompanied by the proprietor's own antograph in four different languages, viz.: Turkish, Armenian, Greek and English.

DE GRAFF, Ohio, June 13, 1863. GENTLEMEN—It is with pleasure that I recommend the use of your PAIN KILLER. It is all that is required of it. In a household it is invaluable. I have used it in my family for the last three years, and at all times found it a sure cure for Cholera Morbus, Pain in the Stomach, Diarrhea, and all such complaints. I have found it a specific. No family should be without Respectfully,
JAMES HOLMES.

#### FRANK LESLIE'S

#### ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 24, 1864.

All Communications, Bools for Review, etc. must be addressed to Frank Leslie, 537 Pearl street, New York.

#### TERMS: One copy, three months...... \$1 00

One copy, six months	- 24	UU
One copy, one year		00
Two copies, one year, to one address, in		
one wrapper	7	50
Four copies, one year, to one address, in		
one wrapper	15	00
Five copies, one year	20	00
(With an extra copy gratis to the person		
sending a club of five.)		
One copy of Frank Leslie's Illustrated		
Newspaper and one copy of Frank		
Leslie's Lady's Magazine (the most		
replete Lady's book published) for		

#### Important to Subscribers.

In renewing Subscriptions, Subscribers are particularly requested to name the number with which the New Subscription should commence; they will thus avoid Subscription should commence; they will thus avoid receiving duplicates or missing any number. It is desirable that a renewal should be received a week before the expiration of the former subscription, in order that our books may be kept properly adjusted. Attention to this will obviate nine-tenths of the errors which annoy both publishers and subscribers.

#### To Correspondents.

First-class stories will be read promptly, and

if found worthy of acceptance, suitably compensated.

The manuscript should be legible, on one side of the paper only, and be accompanied with the address of the writer. Poems of a high order and moderate length will meet with attention.

By the decision of the authorities at Washington,

ARTICLES FOR NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES cannot be sent by mail at the rates of printed matter. If sent by mail, letter postage must be paid. Packages over four ounces should be sent by express.

When parties wish MSS, returned by mail, posts stamps must be enclosed for the full amount. Contribu-tors of short articles, poems, etc., will do well to keep a copy, as the cheapest course.

#### Summary of the Week.

GRANT'S ARMY.

On Saturday, the 10th, the enemy's picket line in front of Hancock's position was seized by De Trobrand's brigade of Mott's division, almost thout firing a shot.

Longstreet now holds the extreme right of the enemy's line between the Weldon road and Hill's corps.

SHERIDAN'S ARMY.

Sheridan reached Berryville on the 2d. The 23d Ohio was sent out on Sinkert Ferry road, and the 36th Ohio on Winchester pike, running to the right from Berryville. Crook's command went into camp, and had just finished pitching tents at about 4 o'clock, when heavy skirmishing was heard on the picket line. The whole command rapidly ed out, and was formed and moved to the support of the pickets, who had been driven from behind some entrenchments which they occupied. The 36th Ohio and 9th Virginia were formed, and charged the enemy, driving them out of the en-trenchments. A desperate struggle now ensued, the rebels being determined, if possible, to regain sion of the entrenchments. With this object in view, they massed no less than two divisions, and hurled them with their accustomed ferocity against our gallant little band, which was supported by both Duvall's and Thoburn's divisions. They were handsomely repulsed every time they charged. The conflict lasted long after the sun had set, and artillery firing was kept up until 9 o'clock. Our loss will amount to about 300 killed and wounded.

On the 5th Sheridan found Gen. Lomax's cav alry and a division of rebel infantry in his front at Stevenson's depot, near Bunker Hill.

Torbert defeated a cavalry force at Snicker's

and Ashby's gaps.

Colonel Lowell and Col. Gibbs have recently destroyed the mills on the Opequan which were turning out flour for Early's forces.

On the 10th Early attacked a brigade of Averill's division at 8 a. m. at Darksville, but was repulsed in three successive charges.

The Tallahassee, in her brief career, destroyed

nearly 40 valuable vessels.

#### TENNESSEE.

Wheeler's operations in Tennessee, intended to isolate Sherman, proved an utter failure. He succeeded in destroying only one bridge, and the whole damage to the Chattanooga railroad is already repaired.

All this is poor compensation for the los freebooter Morgan, who was surprised on Sunday, Sept. 4, at Greenville, by Gen. Gillem, who routed the rebel force, killing nearly 100, including Morgan, capturing 75, with one cannon and caisson Morgan's whole staff was taken.

On Saturday, Sept. 3, 3,000 rebel cavalry under Williams and Robertson, with three pieces of ar-tillery, were attacked by Milroy, near Murfrees-boro. The battle lasted all day, and on the 4th the rebels retired to Truine, followed by Milroy.
Rousseau, in his pursuit of Wheeler, captured

500 horses at Duck river.

#### GEORGIA.

After the defeat at Jonesboro the rebels fled South, and Hood, by turnpike, took the same direction and joined them at Lovejoy's station, 30 miles south of Atlanta, where he threw up stoneworks. Sherman followed, but finding that it would not pay to assault, returned to Atlanta

In his fight at Jonesboro he captured "Brig. Gen. Gorman and about 2,000 prisoners, with eight guns and much plunder."

thus sums up all:

We have, as the result of this quick, and, as I think, well executed movement, 27 guns, over 3,000 prisoners, and have buried over 400 rebel dead, and left as many wounded; they could not be removed.

"The rebels have lost besides the important city of Atlanta and stores, at least 500 dead, 2,500 wounded, and 3,000 prisoners, whereas our aggre gate loss will not foot 1,500.

"If that is not success, I don't know what is.
"Signed, Sherman, Maj.-Gen."

#### ALABAMA.

The raid of the rebel Gen. Wheeler has terminated in his retreat to Florence, in this State, where he was joined by Roddy.

#### MISSISSIPPI.

A considerable rebel force under Gen. Polignac is reported to have crossed the Mississippi from

Arkansas to Rodney, Miss., on the 22d. Gen. Polignac, with his rebel division, dashed into Natchez and took some prisoners, but im-

#### FLORIDA.

An expedition, under Capt. Childs, started from eys on July 1st, and penetrated to Brooksville and Bayport, captured men, horses and contrabands. Major Weeks also destroyed a cotton depot in St. Andrew's bay and at Otto creek. In August he ran up the Suwanee and destroyed a large quantity of stores. His boat, the Ella Morse, was attacked on his return, but with little loss. At Clay's landing the rebel assailants were terribly handled.

#### LOUISIANA.

Gen. A. L. Lee, of Herron's army, on the 24th, had a fight with the enemy on the Clinton road, 17 miles from Baton Rouge, in which the rebels lost 150 men and the town of Clinton, with a large amount of stores.

Col. Farrar, on the 25th, surprised a rebel party opposite Natchez, killing and taking many.

The transports White Cloud and Henry Chou-

teau were fired at near Bayou Sara, on the 29th.

#### NAVAL.

Our Government has at last awoke to its injustice to our gallant tars. We gave portraits of returned prisoners. These, wretched as they are from ill-treatment, are yet better than the poor sailors, some of whom have been in captivity more than two years.

Admiral Farragut has been instructed by the Navy Department not to exchange his prisoners excepting for officers and men belonging to our

naval forces a long time ago captured by the rebels, and who are confined in Texas.

The Tallahassee, in her brief career, destroyed nearly 40 vessels.

#### FOREIGN NEWS.

Another, of the famous rebel privateers, the Georgia, has some to grief. The Niagara seized her 20 miles off Lisbon, put a prize crew on board and sent her to New York. The Georgia, when seized, was un-der the British flag, and her captsin entered a protest against her seizure. It is reported that general sat-faction was expressed in London at the capture, thou there was much difference of opinion as to its legality.

there was much difference of opinion as to its legality. The London press seems to consider the seizure of the Georgia as perfectly regular, and quotes a decision of Lord Stowell in a case exactly similar.

The French Provincial Councils had begun to assemble, and two of the Cabinet Ministers had delivered important addresses with reference to the contemplated extension of the powers of those bodies. M. Rouher and M. Rowland were the speakers, and they agreed that the result of the movement is to be a considerable decentralization.

election riots have taken place in Geneva, nd. The Federal Commissioners arrived there

decentralization.

Serious election riots have taken place in Geneva, Switzerland. The Federal Commissioners arrived there with Federal militia and restored order.

The pirate Florida satied from Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, on the 4th of August, on a cruise.

The Jurate Florida satied from Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, on the 4th of August, on a cruise.

The Juray and Navy Gazette, in alluding to the Peace party in the North, says: "We are toid of 100,000 people meeting to support Gen. McClellan. Does any one believe that a military President, who has been beaten in the field by Confederate Generals, is going to proclaim peace at the head of his armies? Certainly if he does, it will only be the signal for danger to the neighbors of the North and of the South."

The Times, in a leader on American affairs, observes that while each succeeding month displays the unbending firmness of the South, there are many signs of a relaxation of purpose among their opponents. The nomination of Gen. McClellan as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency is now not unlikely, if the will of New York should prevail with the representatives of the party. The principles of Gen. McClellan are not very clear. He has always been looked upon as a War Democrat, as being as anxions for Union and the old Constitution as any man in the land, but when events move so rapidly men move with them. Should any opponent of Mr. Lincoln be elected, there can hardly be a doubt that the policy of the present President will be abandoned during the ensuing year. On the other hand, it may be doubted if the Republicans are more inclined for the recognition of the South, or even for reconciliation, than they were a year ago."

The Army and Navy Gazette admits that the Federal success at Mobile, even in its present proportions, is considerable, and as regarda peace, it declares its belief that the existence of a peace party is mythical, and that as long as there is a ray of hope the North will march onward to its end—empire.

A Paris letter says: "Uppleasant dispatche

will proceed to the seat or ms covernment with several regiments under his orders."

The French Government was extremely angry at the publication of the Danish documents. Indeed M. Drouyn L'Huys has reprosched M. De Moultke with having perverted his words.

The altercation has been extremely undiplomatic. The French Cabinet Ministers were engaged in speech making at the various meetings of the Provincial Councils-General.

ouncils-General.

The Duke De Persigny, at St. Ftienne, had been ulogizing the Emperor as the founder of liberty in rance, and at Marseilles M. Behu, Member of Comerce, had been making promises in the interest of rade and commerce.

merce, had been making promises in the interest of trade and commerce.

The Duke of Augustenburg had dispatched to Frankfort a memorial establishing the validity of his claims to the Schleswig-Holstein throne, as demanded by the Federal Diet.

The municipalities from several of the Holstein towns had met at Nieumester. A resolution was passed thanking the Allies and recognising the necessity of the duchies joining Germany, and, as far as German interests demanded, Prassia in particular, without prejudice, however, to their independence.

The resolution further states that the establishment of a provisional Government cannot be regarded as a proper means to secure the object in view, and fears are expressed lest the generally desired speedy softicment of the affairs of the country, as regards its foreign relations, will be thereby unnecessarily desired. ferred.

#### TOWN COSSIP.

WE have all heard the newsbearer's assertion that the Dutch have taken Holland, but few of us know positively that once a year the Teutons take New York. We say once a year, but this must be with a reservation, for though the Turnfest is a yearly institution no cele bration of it has been held in New York since 1859. This year our German population have made up for the de-privation and have gone into the enjoyment with a reckless hilarity. At this meeting almost every society of Turners through the country has been represented, and the week has been given up to mirth and music, beer, balls and bar-rooms. They have had torchlight processions, jaunts to Central Park, grand concerts, declaration and singing, gymnastic wonders, wrestling and prize shooting, and every other enjoyment which a German knows so well how to take at the least possible

What a pity it is that Americans cannot les these frugal people a lesson in amusement and relaxa-tion. A German will sit out his evening chatting or singing, listening to a little music, or doing a little waltzing, all at the cost and with the drinking of a couple of mugs of beer at an expense of ten cents. An American thinks it necessary to pass his evening running from one bar-room to another, imbibing powerful ? loud-mouthed politics, during a little turn at swearing, and possibly ending off the evening with a bout at fisticuffs and a lodging in the station-house. time we did think that the introduction of lager do much towards moderating our desires as a spirit-drinking people, but the result does not show in that direction

drinking people, but the result does not show in that direction.

It is a favorite diversion with country people to hold up their hands in holy horror at the wickedness and viciousness of New York, and to attribute whatever of lawlessness and chicanery that may occur in the provinces to New York men and influence. We have a striking instance of this just now before us in the comments of country papers on the dissipation and vice of Saratoga and Newport. They point to the hard and jaded faces of those who gather nightly about the tables of Morrissey at Saratoga and of Watson at Newport, and cry derisively: "These are your boasted merchants, lawyers and millionaires of the model city, and this is their diversion!" We most emphatically deny this, and contend that the vice, gambling and dissipation of these places comes from every part of the land, but especially from the rural districts. It is your country gentleman and village professional who breaks annually away from the monotony of his life, and rushes headlong into every dissipation for a few weeks, if not longer. A canvass of city gambling dens would show the great majority of their frequenters to be countrymen, and we do not believe that any difference exists between them and those of the watering-places. They make the greatest

he

20

est

ľe.

gourmands, from the fact that during the greater part of the year they are denied the luxuries that a New Yorker sees about him every day. A city man goes into the country with his limited education in euchreand poker, flattering himself that he can take the rag off the bush in anything in that line about the district, when all of a sudden, perhaps at some far away country tavern, he finets a whiteheaded youth, with an innocent cast of countenance, that can discount him on every dodge ever known to the most expert gambler, rake down his entire pile with cold-blooded calmness, and drink more whiskey during the operation than the city gent could ever look at. No, no! Messieurs of the rural press, it is the country that supplies the city with vice and dissipation, not the city the country. The rural rascal soon becomes too great an adept, and too notorious in his locality to stay longer with safety, and, as a matter of course, bestows his talent on the town. The records of the police will easily show this fact, and the haunts of vice in all large cities admit that they are supported by country custom.

Among the events of the week worthy of especial mention is the stoppage by the police of the grand oratorio of the Creation, which was to have been performed on Sunday last at Jones's Wood, under the direction of Formes and Anschutz, but for this interference.

oratorio of the Creation, which was to have been performed on Sunday last at Jones's Wood, under the direction of Formes and Anschutz, but for this interference.

There is a high-handed tyranny in his movement which we trust will not be submitted to. When our liberties and enjoyments are to be thus surrendered without protest, we are no longer fit to be a free people. With reference to the morality of the performance, we hold that it was far more calculated to refine and chasten the heart and bring the heaver nearer to the divine spirit, than listening to the ranting of some 20 score of preachers who held forth in the conventicles of the city, making many words but teaching nothing. The dies that the managers of the affair were suffered tog on at a great expense in amouncing the affair, and only at the last moment a whim of the chief of police should be able to stop that which thousands were looking forward to as an innecent and refining amusement, tread upon the rights of citizens, and laugh at all remonstrance. Oh! the blessings of a free land! What strange fatality it is that a rogue, no matter how skilfully he may achieve his villiany, always leaves some loophole for detection. In mine cases out of ten the possession of the money gained by the act of rascality unsetties their judgment, and makes them unfit to plan means of safety. Thus it is we hear of "able detectives," who by their skill trace out fugitives and recover the proceeds of the crime, when apparently no human foresight could prevail. The matter is very simple. The question to be debated is simply what are the habits of the man, and what would he be likely to do if he came into possession of money? We have had a marked instance of this during the past week in the case of a man named Duff, a confidential clerk with Messrs. Morgan and Sons, bankers. He had been a faithful man for years, but at last, yielding to temptation, he forged a check for \$15,000, and received the money. Two detectives were placed on the track. The man was a Scotchman. What

sind the blind criminal who walked in the dark to destruction.

We are now far into the middle of September, and very soon the cold days will begin to set in upon us and stoves and hot drirks become fashionable. While we are contemplating this, let us look back upon the season that is past, and give it its full due. Notwithstanding the scarcity of labor, there never have been greater crops produced, and the markets of the city have overrun with plenty. Fruits and vegetables have poured in upon us in laviah plenty, and, though prices have been high, they were comparatively low to those of past years, even with all the forestalling and workings of middle men. At this moment luscious peaches, melons and grapes are within the reach of the humblest laborer, being really less dear in proportion to the price of labor than in other years. What price they would have been could the producer sell directly to the consumer it is hard to tell. Through the summer our laboring population, ean live in comfort and plenty; but we have a hard winter before us, a winter that will severely try the laborer and mechanic who has a large family to support. Economy only will carry him through, and that, with his elevated notions of increased wages, will be a hard thing for him to practise. We almost dread the ending of this war, which will release 500,000 seekers after employment upon the community.

And now a word about the theatres.

The syent of the week has been the opening of the Olympic, Very little has been done to alter the appearance of the house, but the new piece, "Miriam's Crime," has been most beautifully put upon the stage. In this particular the Olympic certainly bears the palm from every theatre in the land. Of the new play there is little to be said. It owes its success to its excellent mounting and to the careful treatment of the company. In the usual style of the modern drama, it violates probabilities and makes Miriam do many foolish things, which all turn out right in the end, leading to happy marriages and all that destruction.

We are now far into the middle of September, and very soon the cold days will begin to set in upon us and stoves

Mrs. John Wood, in "The Comical Countess," was received by old admirers with an earnestness that shows she has a firm hold on their affections.

The Broadway Theatre seems to be making quite a success, with Mr. Owens as Joshus Butterby, in Tom Taylor's councily of "The Victims." The play is very clever, and Mr. Owens' interpretation of Butterby as artistic as anything ever seen on the New You's counted to the service of the word of the service of the word of the service of the word of the service of the "Goblin Drum," is certainly the most inceplicable of all things ever put before the public, and as much surpasses human inquiry as does the composition of the moon. His antirector is their robes will be a far higher attraction than the real Negro Minstell.

ruum has all the Tom Thumb family once more of them—and as a matter of course is crowded from till dewy eve. He has also just brought out a Ma-drama, entitled "The Signet of King Solomon," which seems to have exactly struck the taste of his audi

ences. We think New York, with seven Theatres, an Opera House, a Museum, three Minstrel Halls, and half a hun-dred of other places of amusement, will be able to get along this winter.

#### EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—New York is to have a new cemetery, the Woodlawn, on the Harlem railroad, north of the city, and about a mile and a quarter north of William-bridge. Funeral parties are to be carried over the railroad in special cars at reduced rates, and the expense of carriage hire, which is necessarily incurred in reaching all the other New York cemeteries, will thus be avoided.

- The hospital ship Florence Nightingale, stati the lower quarantine, is without a petient. The but six vessels at present detained at that state in the lower quarantine, is without a pet are but six vessels at present detained at and they merely temporarily for observation
- According to an official statement, the amount of actional currency in circulation is \$24,000,000, an crease of nearly \$1,000,000 within the last month.
- A billiard match for \$1,000 a side is about to come off at Boston, between Eaton, of San Francisco, and Welmarth, of Boston. Match for 1,500 points.
  - The Columbia (Pa.) Republican denounces

severely the "Fishing Creek Confederacy," of that county, who have been organising for the purpose of forcibly resisting the draft.

forcibly resissing the draft.

— It is said that a person at Troy, New York, has invented an improvement in the use of coal, which will diminish the consumption nearly, if not quite, one-half. This will be the invention of the age, if realised. Several stove manufacturers have purchased the right and are about introducing it into their business. The New York Central and other railroad companies are also about introducing it on their roads.

— Fort Morgan originally cost the United States Government, in its construction and armament, about \$1,500,000, and is capable of mounting 132 guns, and of garrisoning 700 men for siege operations. The rebels made but a pusillanimous defence of it.

— The Finance Committee of the New England Women's Auxiliary Association state that its funds are subnusted, and that it is in pressing need of supplies to meet the calls upon the commission from hospitals and battlefields.

— A record has been kept at Fort Laramie of the

— A record has been kept at Fort Laramie of the emigration that has passed that point this season. Up to the 10th of August it numbered 7,784 wagons, 24,227 men, women and children, and 44,243 horses, mules and oxen.

— Lloyd's List, of Liverpool, August 25, reports that the steamer Georgia was ordered to Boston by Com. Craven, of the Niagara, instead of to this port, as has been stated.

— The following States will hold their annual elec-tions before the great contest for the Presidency takes place: Maine, Sept. 12; Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Iowa, Oct. 11.

— Martin's battery, of Massachusetts, which has become celebrated for its services, passed through here on the 8th en route for Boston. The time of the men has expired.

— The Dramatic Committee of the Metropolit Fair acknowledge the receipt of \$14,037 57 from t different evenings granted them of public and privi-performances.

different evenings granted them of public and private performances.

— In reference to the question which has been raised as to the legality of the draft under the last call, as the law, in the statutes as published by Little and Brown, says that 60 days shall clapse after the call is made before a draft shall be ordered, the National Intelligencer says: "On examining the official publication of the law in question, as it originally appeared in the Intelligencer, we find it printed '50 days,' and upon inquiry at the 'Rolls Office' in the State Department we learn that this is in conformity to the enrolled bill. In the bill first reported to Congress, and printed for its use, the words used were '60 days,' but the bill was most probably amended before its final passage."

— On the 8th the eighth annual celebration of the Caledonian Club took place at Jones's Woods. It is estimated that at least 25,000 people were present. The games and exercises were conducted with great spirit, and the best of feeling prevailed. In the evening the club assembled at the Mercer-house, where the prizes were distributed, and as accellent supper enjoyed; after which the members of the club separated and retired to their homes, pleased and satisfied with the success of their anniversary.

— Mr. Simeon Draper, the new Collector, took the collecting free and was almy installed on the 8th of

 Mr. Simeon Draper, the new Collector, took the of office, and was duly installed on the 8th of oath of of

- Mr. Higginson, one of the Commis rived from Camp Sumter, Ga., on the 16th of last month. Has had an interview with the President, in which the President stated that there was no possible chance for an exchange.

— On Thursday, the 8th Sept., the grand ratification meeting, in honor of McClellan's nomination, took place in Union Square, and went off with great enthusiasm. Speeches were made by Gov. Wickliffe, Gov. Horatio Seymour, and several other prominent Democrats. There were about 50,000 persons present. One of the calcium lights burst and killed several persons.

**Southern.**—A simple remedy for the annoyance occasioned by mosquitoes is to bathe the face with camphor upon retiring.

— Prof. Charles Martin, Hampden Sidney College Va., advertises the re-opening of his private school "Terms—\$6,000 for 40 weeks. Everything found except lights and towels."

—— So many sick and wounded soldiers are leaving Richmond that the superintendent of the Danville railroad has issued an order forbidding any other person to enter the evening train on that road until all such soldiers have been accommodated.

to enter the evening train on that read until all such soldiers have been accommodated.

— The New Orleans Picayume says that the cotton and sugar crops will be great failures this year. The moisture of the soil and the heat of the atmosphere give the plant too luxuriant and rapid a growth, producing more stalk and leaves than bolls, and generating the most destructive insects. These causes have operated with more than usual effect this season. We learn that the insatiate and irresistible caterpillar or army worm is every where sweeping the fields with a raid which puts to shame the most desolating attempts in that line of all its human imitators. The prospects for sugar are even more discouraging, the great majority of the sugar cultivators having been seduced from their old culture by the great demand for cotton. A very small number of the planters will raise can enough for seed for the next crop, and a still smaller number will lay by wood for the furnaces. There will hardly be a grinding season, and the magnificent yield 465,000 hogsheads of 1861 and 1862, which decil ed in 1863 to 40,000 hogsheads of 1861 and 1862, which decil ed in 1863 to 40,000 hogsheads of 1861 and 1862, which decil ed in 1863 to 40,000 hogsheads of 1861 and 1862, which decil ed in 1863 to 40,000 hogsheads, will, in 1864, be represent by O. Louisanians will have to satisfy their palates next year with sand sugar.

— A letter from Texas to one of the leading Manchester manufacturers is mublished in the Facility.

year with sand sugar.

— A letter from Texas to one of the leading Manchester manufacturers is published in the English spapers. The writer says Texas is in a flourishing condition, and so many negroes have been brought into the country during the war, that labor is abundant, and a cotton crop is growing. He says the product of Texas the present year will be at least 500,000 bales, but he thinks the crop of the other Confederate States will not exceed 400,000 bales.

exceed 400,000 bales.

— A lot of negroes sold, on the 27th of August, in Richmond for cash at from \$3,025 to \$6,500—equal to from five to ten barrels of flour for one slave.

— The Maryland Constitutional Convention has rescinded the provision recently passed, whereby minor slaves were to be apprenticed to their masters till they became of sge. The Constitution is to be submitted to a vote of the people, including soldiers.

France or Germany, considering the Southern Confederacy as a perfect failure.

— John Savage, poet, Irish rebel, Union soldier, stom-house officer, patriot and good fellow, salled t week for New Orleans. He goes to edit the New leans Daily Times.

— Dhuloep Sing, an Anglicized Indian Prince, has just married a pretty little American girl, aged 17. She will be his only wife.

— Bryant, of the Evening Post, has not lost all his poetry. The author of Thanatopsis, in the Post of 31st August, has a prose poem on Jersey musquitoes, worthy of Rosenberg, who, by-the-bye, has uninitialed himself, having dropped the C. G. The Budget has written the epitaph on these repudiated letters. Ci git C. G.

- The King of Bavaria is coming to this country on a tour, ù

Miss Jane Coombs, the actress, was married (a Sunday or two ago), to a Mr. F. A. Brown, who is said to be "a young gentleman of fine family, high social position and considerable wealth."

Obituary.-Peter A. Hargous, one of our oldest and most respectable merchants, died on the 2d Sept., aged 65, of disease of the heart.

— Miss Katharine Southey, the third and only un-rried daughter of the poet, died in Keswick, England, out a fortnight since.

— Hon. Alfred S. White, the District Judge of Indiana, died at Lafayette on the 5th Sept. Judge White was a Representative in Congress from Indiana from 1837 to 1839; a Senator from 1839 to 1845; and again a Representative in the 37th Congress. On the death of Hon. Caleb B. Smith, he was appointed by President Lincoln Judge of the U. S. District Court for the State of Indians.

the State of Indiana.

— Mr. Edgar J. Bartow, a prominent and ben lent citizen of Brooklyn, died at Norristown, N. J., the 6th inst. He will be remembered by many former Democratic candidate for Mayor, and for his downent of the Church of the Holy Trinity.

On Friday, the 9th Sept., in Washington, from wounds received at the battle of Deep Bottom, Major John Connery, of the 170th regiment, N. Y. He was in his 30th year. He was the eldest son of Coroner Conners.

Accidents and Offences.—In the Mott street stabbing case the Coroner's jury decided that "George Gardner met his death by a stab wound at the hands of Thomas Kehoe." On the rendition of this verdict the prisoner was committed to the Tombs, to await the action of the Grand Jury.

— Thomas Thomaston committed suicide on the 6th, by shooting himself through the head, at his residence, No. 182 East 28th street. A case of seduction, and its consequent criminations, was the motive of what the reporters for the last 200 years have insisted upon calling "the rash act."

— The propeller Scotia was run into off Dunkirk, Lake Erie, on the night of the 2d of Sept. by the propel-ler Active, and sunk. Nine persons were drowned.

— A locomotive on the North London railway re-cently exploded at the Camden station. Its whole weigh was 20 tons, but it went over the telegraph wires into an adjoining street, and alighted on its wheels.

— The propeller Scotia was run into off Dunkirk, Lake Erie, on Friday night, the 2d Sept., and sunk; nine persons were drowned.

Foreign.—A company in London have bought 140

acres, a few miles from the city, and propose to inclose it with glass, making a climate like that of Madeira with the fruits and foliage to be found in that isle. An hotel and residences are to be built, and great prices are to be charged for a chance to live under glass.

— A locomotive got loose on the Brighton, England, railway, not long since, tore along fearfully, made a clean hole through a station-house, carried away a tailor's shop, part of a house, an entire wall, and at last brought up against a building substantial enough to arrest its progress.

arrest its progress.

— The Paris Punch ("Charivari") is poking the British lion between the ribs. A late cartoon shows old Lady Albion, with her trident laid over her shoulder, leading her lion by the mane. Another old woman, meeting her, reminds her of the police regulations during the dog-days, and asks why Leo is not muxiled. "Oh, no!" says my lady, "it is quite unnecessary; the poor thing has not a tooth left."

poor thing has not a tooth left."

— The Emperor of Abyssinia having offered his hand to Queen Victoria, which she most unaccountably refused, the sable potentate has ordered the British Consul to be imprisoned till she consents. It is supposed that sly old Pam will palm some lady of Fleet street off on the Black Sovereign as the Queen, and so diplomatise himself out of the difficulty.

— The cupola of a church in St. Petersburg recently fell and crushed a large number of persons. Such was the force of its fall that it broke through into the vaults. — The Italian Government is about dispatching a cientific expedition to the Pacific.

scientific expectation to the Pacific.

— The proceedings of the Conference of delegates from the several provinces of British America, which met on Sept. 1, at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, have not been under officially known. It is, however, understood that the Conjunction was unanimous in acknowledging the greaf advantages to be expected from a confederacy of all the Provinces, and that they adjourned to meet again on the 14th inst, at Halifax, there to agree upon a definite plan to be submitted to the several Parliaments.

- Letters from Russia say that the eastern bay at ronsact has now quite an animated look. The iron lad batteries ride there in battle line; behind them are he fine new built clippers and sloops for the Baltic eet. The iron fleet has made a general trist which was ery successful, especially that of the iron-clad battery

Pervenets.

Art. Science and Literature.—At the Derby gallery in Broadway is a singularly attractive exhibition of paintings, consisting mainly of the works of modern Italian artists, illustrative of the present war on our own soil. Though mainly founded on the French school of military art—if we may use such a term—these works have been evidently studied from sketches made on our own soil, and if we except to the want of feeling for the due and brillmat atmosphere of the New World. are very selling and true, while in one or two instances they som into the region of positive poetry. Such, for example, is No. 193, painted by Signor Del Re, which in Intensity of positic impulse, as well as in its noble and masterly handling, deserves the highest praise. It is a canvas, roughly and coarsely, yet grandly painted, while its feeling is simple and touchingly wonderful. The dead body of the soldier on the lonely mountain watched by his faithful dog, who has followed him from his home to the battlefield, is both unpretending in invention and truly pathetic. There is also a large painting from the "Revolution in the Kingdom of Naples, 1799," by Michel Cammalano, which is full of talent and vigor. We would, however, more particularly call attention to a painting by Constant Mayer, which, of course, is not a painting of the Italian school, as more distinctly being the gem of the exhibition. It is called "Consolation," and represents a Catholic Religieuss—a Sister of Mercy—reading the Scriptures to a wounded American soldier. The figures are life-size, and the rapt and haggard expression of the wounded soldier of Freedom is given with wonderful strength and refinement. The finish and drawing of this canvas are almost perfect, and the subdued delicacy of tone in the female lead, and the exquisitely sympathetic manner with which if has been imagined and rendered, by Mr. Mayer, whose taste is exhibited throughout the subject in the delicate originality of its treatment, demands for him the highest rank as a painter of this cla Art. Science and Literature.-At the and reasonable copy from his exquisite picture. If the right man should turn up, we can assure him that this is the right work upon which to speculate. It would make him both a reputable and pecuniary success, while to the outside reputation of the artist, it must, of course, be of incalculable value. We would advise all who love art not to omit the chance of visiting the Derby gallery, if only for the purpose of seeing the three paintings we have specified in our brief notice.

Chit-Chat.—A Wisconsin paper says, on the faith of a private letter, that times are awful hard in Canada. No business done, wages not sufficient to pay board, and almost impossible to get work at anything. The country is overrun with shedaddlers from the United States and the Confederacy, while thousands of Canadians are leaving for the States to procure work.

windows," with short sleeves and long skirts, in the evening. For the hair, one style is a couple of puffs in front, the hair falling in ringlets behind, and made fast with a gold, ivory or jewelled comb; and another, gathered in a swab, without order or neatness, and crammed into a net to fall low on the neck—the curls looking arternely itdy and comely; the swabs looking as if the maiden had made a hasty tollet, and had forgotten to arrange her hair."

— The cool weather of the past few days has made a scattering among the visitors at the hotels in Newport. Some of the houses propose to close about the 15th of the mouth, if the dispersion continues as it has begun. The occupants of cottages and villas are not so easily moved.

— One of Gluck's less-known operas, "Paris and Helen," has been republished in Leipsic.

— Flotow has just finished a new opera in two acts and three tableaux, entitled "Naida." M. St. Georges is the librettist. It is to be brought out in St. Petersburg.

— The Baron de Carondelet, describing to the Duke de la Alcudia what he had done for Louisiana, which he found utterly defenceless, says: "I erected at the mouth of the river a fort named St. Philip, which entirely present the passage of hostile vessels, however numerous they present themselves." He was not the only one who over-rated its powers.

who over-rated its powers.

— Sir Roderick Murchison has been informed that a fall of manna has recently taken place in Asia Minor. This manna is a lichen which is formed in the steppes of the Kurghis, and is otten carried in these falls to the west, across the Caspian. The grains, which are always perfectly detached, have much of the form of a raspherry or mulberry, and are found frequently to be attached to a stony support of granite, sandstone and lime. The manna is ground into flour and baked into bread, and is known among the Turks by the name of kerdertboghdasi, which means wonder-corn or grain.

#### THE WORKINGWOMEN OF NEW YORK.

THE workingwomen of New York employed by Government, who are making army shirts at six cents apiece and drawers at four or five cents, make this ap-

eal to the Secretary of War.
Surely even in a great war we cannot become parties to such crushing down of workingwomen:

To the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War

To the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

Sin—We the undersigned Workingwomen of the City of New York, respectfully solicit your indulgence, while we relate the causes which have compelled us to seek relief from the Government, of which you are an honored representative.

At the breaking out of this unhappy rebellion, which has desolated so many hearthstones, the prices paid for female labor at the United States Arsenai were barely sufficient to enable us to obtain subsistence.

No stronger regularent of the necessity of our appeal can be adduced than the unprecedented increase in all the necessaries of life, coupled with the fact that women's labor has been reduced more than 30 per cent. since the existence of the rebellion.

We do not ask charity, we come to you as American women, many of whom have sacrificed the dearest treasures of their hearts on the altar of freedom.

We appeal to those in authority to do all in their power to alleviate the misery which is the inevitable result of war.

Let the top be said that the Government in the red of the coult of war.

we appear these insery which is the inevitable result of war.

Let the not be said that the Government turns a deaf ear to the prayer of women who have given their ALL to their country.

What we ask is, an order to the Quartermaster-General, authorizing him to increase the price of femals labor, until it shall approximate to the price of living.

We would also respectfully ask you (if it comes within your province), to so modify the contract system as to make it obligatory upon all contractors to pay fovernment prices. We feel assured that no other argument is required to induce you to use all the power vested in you, than the fact that to-day thousands of delicately reared women, whose husbands, fathers and brothers have fallen on the battlefield, are making army shirts at six cents apiece.

brothers have fallen on the battlefield, are making army shirts at siz cents apieces.

In the name of justice and humanity, we implore you to do all in your power to remedy this evil.

Trusting in Him who has promised to be a father to the fatherless, and the widow's friend, we leave our cause in your hands, praying that God may so incline your heart that your answer may come as a ministering angel to our households, teaching us that our sacrifices have not been in vain.

We have the honor to subscribe ourselves.

#### A ROMANTIC HISTORY.

A SARATOGA correspondent tells the following story of a young bridal couple, guests at that water-

ing place:

"In the summer of 1860, Senor B—, the son of a wealthy Cuban planter, was staying at Saratoga. While there he became acquainted with Miss Eugenie F., daughter of a well-known Mobile banker. The parties became enamored of each other, and all things being satisfactory, became betrothed with the consent of the old folks, and the marriage was appointed for the 18th of August, 1861. The lady returned to her home, while the gentleman went back to Cuba to arrange and settle this private affairs, with a view of permanently residing in the United States.

"About one month before the time appointed for the nuptials to take place, the Mobile banker received and accepted a commission as Brigadier-General in the Confederate service, and in his first battle, a few weeks after, received a mortal wound. His sudden death involved the family in cruel embarrassment, and from a state of wealth they were plunged into comparative obscurity and poverty.
"Thom this state of affairs being made known to the

state of wealth they were plunged into comparative obscurity and poverty.

"Upon this state of affairs being made known to the father of the young man, he broke off the match, and interdicted even the slight correspondence afforded through the medium of blockade-runners.

"Thus matters remained until January last, when the old man dying, left the son free to wed the madden of his choice. He immediately took passage for and after several delays reached Mobile. He there found that his intended mother-in-law, overcome with grief, had succumbed to the fell destroyer and followed her husband to the grave, while Miss F. was conducting a seminary for young ladies.

for young ladies.

"I need not dilate upon the meeting between the young couple; the school was given up, the parties married, and in a few days embarking from Whinington, they arrived in safety at Nassan. From thence they came to New York, and after staying a few weeks, set out for this place, where, free from care, the young Cuban and his bride, it is hoped, if appearances do not deceive, are enjoying as much happiness as it is fated that mortals shall enjoy or this mundane sphere."

ONE of the most interesting facts for the students of religious history, discovered by Mr. Gifford Palgrave in his pioneer journey through the interior of Arabia, is the continued existence of the old supersti-States and the Confederacy, while thousands of Canadians are leaving for the States to procure work.

— A Western editor, whose wife was absent at the East, was deprived of his usual doughnuts. He therefore advertised that he would send his paper one year to the lady who sent him the best peck of home-made doughnuts, and would also mention her name in large type. He had two barrels full furnished, and the mean tellow, not content with this speculation, announced that none of the sam where came up to his home standard and advised the ladies to try again in a month.

— A correspondent of the New York Times says:

"The Saratoga belles, this summer, delight in contrasts in dress. Yellow or red trimming on black is popular. Military high nocks, with "buttons all over" and shoulder-straps for the morning; and very low "dairy loss bably appear in the spring of next year.

#### THE REBEL CENERAL MORGAN.

MORGAN.

Brig.-Gen. John H. Morgan was the eldest of six brothers, all of whom have been in the rebel service. He was born near Lexington, Ky. about the year 1936, and was the son of a manufacturer of jeans in that neighborhood. He received his education, also, in that State. He raised a company of Kentuckians for the Mexican war, but failed to get it into service. After that war had ended he entered into the jean business, and married a Miss Rebecca Bruce, since dead. When the rebellion broke out he raised a band of guerillas in Kentucky, he being at that time a captain of the "Lexington Riffes," a militia organization, and went with them into the second Hates.

From his early youth he had been a daring, reckless rider, and was well suited to the line of the service he had chosen. He first began his operations in Missouri, where his name at last became a torcor and a bugbear. He them moved into Kentucky, operated near Bacon creek, and harassed the Union army of the Ohio during their advance towards Nashville. He had attached to his staff a telegraph operator named Elleworth, who, before despatches were sent in cypher, would take the orders of the Union officers from the wires, and thus defeat all plans of Union operations, the rebels being ready to meet them. For his skill he was suppointed a Colonel, and afterwards a Brigadler-General, of the provisional army of the rebel States.

During November, 1862, he was acting with Bragg in Tennessee, and was there married to a Miss Ready, who ran the blockade to Murfreesboro for that purpose. He continued his operations south of the Cumberland river until July, 1863, when he made his dasithrough Kentucky into Indiana and Ohio, on which occasion he and his dasithrough Kentucky into Indiana and Ohio, on which occasion he and his dasithrough Kentucky into Indiana and Ohio, on which occasion he and his reaching the rebel lines late in December.

He then set about raising a new command, under orders from the rebel

reaching the rebel lines late in December.

He then set about raising a new command, under orders from the rebel War Department of Jan. 28, 1864; and during the early summer of the present year he was again in the saddle, operating in Western Virginia and Eastern Kentucky. The States bordering on the Ohio river soon raised men enough to resist his advance, and his raid resulted in a failure. His command was, therefore, attached to the cavalry forces operating around Atlanta, and served under Wheeler during the recent raids upon Sherman's communications. During this last raid he has lost his life, as the following telegram announce:

BULL'S GAP, TENN. Sept. 4, 1864.

BULL'S GAP, TENN., Sept. 4, 1864.

BULL'S GAF, TENN., Sept. 4, 1864.

TO GEN. TILLESON—I surprised, defeated and killed John Morgan at Greenville this morning.

The killed are scattered for miles, and have not yet been counted, and probably number 50 or 100.

I have about 75 prisoners.

Among those captured were Morgan's Staff, with one piece of artillery and a caison.

The enemy's force outnumbered mine, but the surprise was complete. Few men nave occupied more of the public attention, but few of the rebel Generals showed so little ability in command or courage in the field.



THE LATE BRIGADIE"-GENERAL JOHN H. MORGAN, C. S. A., AND HIS WIFE.

THE VICTORIA RECIA.

THERE is seldom an opportunity such as that w in New York, of seeing in flower the giant

water lily of South America, the Vic-toris regia. Of all plants the water lily seems most ethereal and least of earth. Rising from the pure water, it opens its snowy petals, diffusing its delicate perfume, and then at sunset folds its leaves and sinks away from sight. The lilies of our lakes and ponds are, however, but pigmies to the Victoria regis. of which three speci-Victoria regia, of which three speci-mens are now on exhibition at the corner of West 59th street and 8th

This magnificent plant can there This magnineent plant can there be seen, with its giant leaves floating on the water and the flower in the centre. The flower bud measures from six to nine inches from base to tip; each bud as it appears being accompanied by a young leaf; there are four
sepals of a purple color, fading to white
at the edges, very thorny without. The
petals or flower leaves are 50 or 60 in
number, in three distinct sets, each
smaller towards the stamens, the outer

smaller towards the stamens, the outer pure white, six or seven inches long, of the most delicate tissue and lacelike appearance. The stamens form a corona on the central disk. The whole flower is about 14 inches in diameter.

The flower opens about seven o'clock in the evening, diffusing its rich perfume, and remains open till seven in the morning. So accurate is this closing and opening of its beauties that it does not vary five minutes from day to day. When a new flower bud rises above the water, that already in flower having performed its allotted task, sinks.

The leaves are nearly circular turn.

above the water, that already in flower having performed its allotted task, sinks.

The leaves are nearly-circular, turned up two or four inches at the margin, green above and crimson below. Eight large voins and numberless veinlets mark its surface. A full grown leaf measures from four to six feet, but is very tender and delicate. By placing a board on it, a child can be supported on it, as shown in the illustration.

This plant was first discovered about 69 years ago by Hinke, in Central America, then found by Bonpland in the Parana and Paraguay, and by Poppeg in Feru. D'Orbigny sent specimens to Europe.

In the Amazon, in bends and bays of the river, it is found of the largest size, the flower twenty inches in diameter, the leaves three or four yards, and thick enough when piled on each other to bridge small streams.

Mr. Balleke, the proprietor, for his zeal to bring this royal plant to perfection, is entitled to the greatest credit; it has indeed cost him dearly, his health having been seriously impaired, inasmach as the plant, being tropical, requires a high degree of temperature.

An African lion in the Zoological Museum in Brussels was so great a sufferer from disease in his reet that a surgical operation recently became necessary. This was done by a veterinary surgeon and five pupils at some risk, and by the aid of mechanical contrivances. The lion bore the operation well, with now and then a corresponding to the properties of the felt the hife; its general good behavior being attributed to the circumstance that a keeper, to whom the lion is much attached, sat near its head and endeavored to calm it by talking, evidently not without effect.

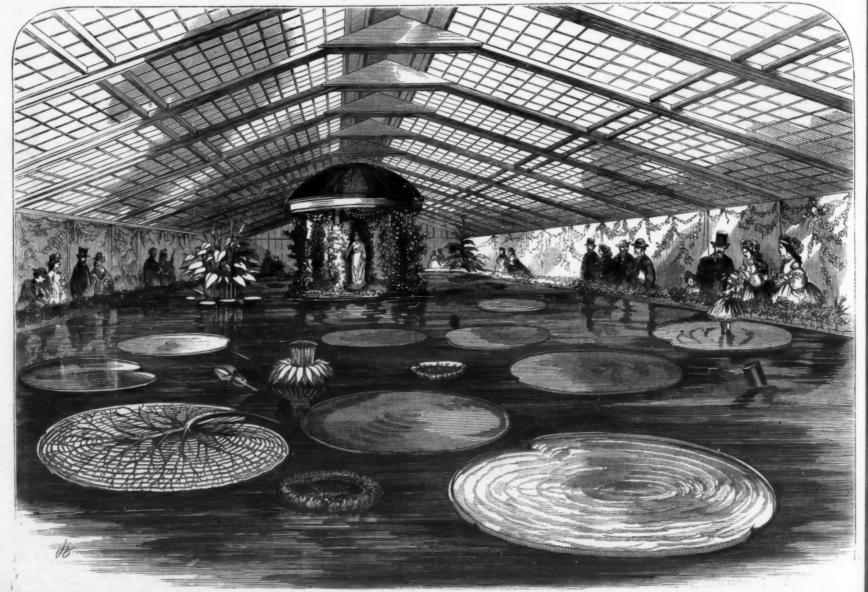
W

An

The The Wh

The

Tic Far V



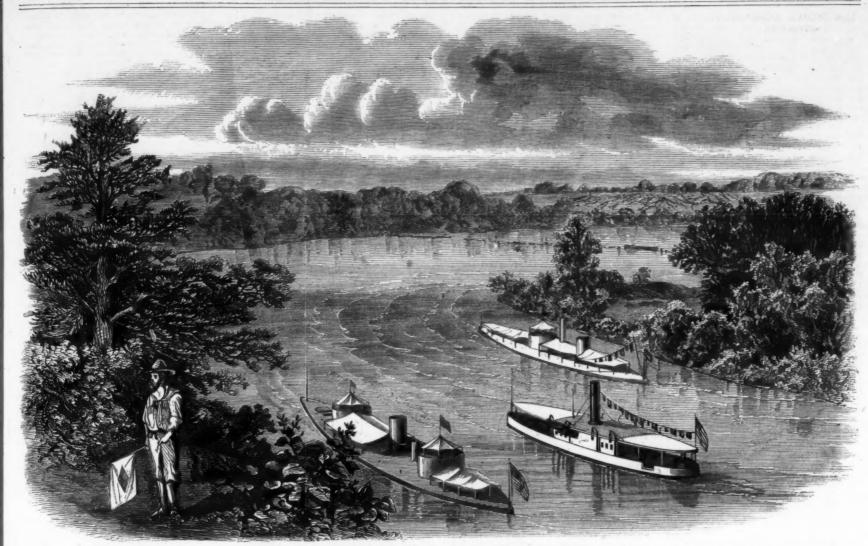
THE VICTORIA REGIA, OR GIAPT WATER LILY OF SOUTH AMERICA, NOW ON EXHIBITION AT THE CORNEL OF RIGHTH AVENUE AND PIPTY-SINTH STREET, HEW YORK.

ric-ter, its

ting cen-com tip; com four thite The o in the term a ce-cen a cen a ce

urngin,
ight
dets
leaf
it is
cing

ntly
e by
tpils
han
the
en
eneance
l, sat



SIEGE OF RICHMOND-VIEW FROM THE CROW NEST BATTERY, SHOWING THE OBSTRUCTIONS TO PREVENT THE DESCENT OF THE REBEL RAMS, AND THE UNION MONITORS BELOW THEM. - FROM A SKEICH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. F. MULLER.

#### A VILLAGE MIDNIGHT.

THE night is as dark as a deed of crime, And the clattering windblown rain Falls fiercely fast on the rattling slates And hammers the window pane, While the stormking whistles between the leaves A wild and tuneless strain.



No lamp is lit in the village street, No star in the sable sky, For darkness swathes both earth and air In its robes of fun'ral dye, And the watchdog howls by the garden bleak, Like the banshee's boding cry.

The lightning leaps a lifelike thing From spout to branch of the walnut tall, The gate creaks harsh on the rusted hinge, Response to the screechowl's call, While the crisp, dead leaves in hustling haste Rush down by the moss-blotched wall.

The clock strikes twelve in the stairway gloom, (How true is the record it keeps). Tick away, count on, I care not now, For my rose-lipped Anna sleeps Far down in the vale 'neath the beeches bare, Where the foam-flecked river sweeps.

Oh! I love the voice of this midnight storm, It falls on my frenzied ear Like fairy lute, and willing would I Companion its wild career, For my soul is tossed like its ebon-hued wings, And I'm weary of lingering here.

A good many extraordinary objects come to the surface when the great guns of war shake the

inquired Laura Thurston of the servant, who was removing an elegant breakfast service from the

"I will see, Miss Laura."
While the servant is absent on her quest we may look around us. The room is furnished with may look around us. The room is farmished with a degree of comfort amounting to luxury. Part the heavy curtains and a broad lawn stretches be-fore you. The grounds front on an avenue lined with majestic elms. We are in one of those su-burban villas to be found in such profusion in the neighborhood of our principal cities.

Laura Thurston, to whom the house and grounds

belong, is no longer in her first youth, yet few are aware that she has reached her thirtieth year. aware that she has reached her thirtieth year. She has the fair complexion which Time usually treats kindly, and might readily pass for several years younger. But the careful observer will note a thoughtful light in the clear gray eyes which speaks of a wider experience of life.

"Here is the paper, Miss Laura," said Hannah, returning with the article of which she had been in quest.

Laura Thurston's Charge.

BY CHARLES F. PRESTON.

"Has the morning paper come, Hannah?"

"Hannah Propped from herhands, and her heart gave a great bound. The line was very brief. It contained these few words:

"Captain Henry Palmer, killed."

"If I could but have seen him once before he died," she murmured. "It is ten years to-day since we parted in anger. Had that moment been blotted out how different might have been both

our lives!"

She sat for a few minutes in deep thought, and then, as if inspired by a sudden resolution, rang the bell.

"Hannah," she said, quickly, "I am going out of town, and may not return till this evening. It is even possible that I may be absent longer, but I shall endeavor to return to-night."

"Yes, Miss Laura."
"I may bring back some one with me," ahe continued, with slight hesitation. "You may light a fire this afternoon in the bedroom adjoin-

peaks of a wider experience of life.

"Here is the paper, Miss Laura," said Hannah, eturning with the article of which she had been in quest.

Laura Thurston opened its ample pages eagerly.

Laura Thurston opened its ample pages eagerly.

Arrived at the depot in Glenville she inquired of the depot master:
"Can you tell me whether Captain Palmer's

"Can you tell me whether Captain Faimer's children live in this village?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the reply. "They are boarding with Mr. Hiram Norcross, who keeps the store. I expect you have heard of the captain's



"CAPTAIN HENRY PALMER-KILLED."

Laura inclined her head gravely.

"I am afraid the children will have a hard time of it. They haven't any near relatives, and their father will leave little or nothing. Norcross is rich enough to keep 'em for nothing, but he's too mean to think of doing it."

"Can you direct me to his house?"

"Carrielly maken. Do you see that yellow

"Certainly, ma'am. Do you see that yellow house at the corner?"

"Well, you turn there and keep straight ahead till you get to the Baptist church. The store is just opposite. You'll know it by the sign. The family live over the store."

While Laura is making her way from the station we will introduce the reader into a small sitting-room in the dwelling of Hiram Norcross. The "storekeeper" himself stands before the fire, his face wearing an expression of perplexity. He is a small man, with yellowish hair, and a large bald spot on the crown of his head. His gray coat bears marks of having been used from a remote period as a penwiper. His eyes are small and ferret-like. His wife sits near him in a wooden rocking-chair mending a refractory stocking. She has a thin face and pinched lips, and her expression is far from agreeable.

from agreeable.

"If people expect us to keep the children, let 'em expect," she remarked, in a decided tone.

"If their father has been killed and can't pay their board, they must go to the poorhouse. Why didn't he get his life insured?"

"I agree with you entirely, my dear," said Hiram Norcross, who was quite as mean as his

wife, but not so indifferent to public opinion; "I



A MOTHER-IN-LAW WANTED.

we send them off too soon, people may go to the other store, and that would prove a serious loss." "There's ten week's board that hasn't been

paid for now," said Mrs. Norcross, sharply.
"So there has," said her husband, uneasily.
"And whether it'll ever be paid, goodness

"No doubt the cap'en has left something. Whatever it is 'll be sent home, and we have the

first claim.' "At any rate I'm not in favor of increasing it.

It's best to notify the selec' men to take charge of the children at once. We've done our duty.' "I don't know but you're right, Jane. I gues

I'll go over and speak to Squire Houghton. the chairman." At this moment the door-bell rang, and almost

immediately a slatternly girl made her appearance at the door, and said "There's a lady in the parlor wants to see you,

Mrs. Norcross dropped her stocking, and taking

off her apron, went down.
"Mrs. Norcross, I believe," said Laura Thurs ton, rising

The lady made a stiff inclination.

"I understand that the children of Capt. Palmer are boarding with you."

"Yes," said Mrs. Norcross, deliberately.
"They've been boarding with me, but I don't expect I shall be able to accommodate them any

"Have they been told of their father's death?"

"Not yet. We've only just heard of it."
"What are their ages?"
"Henry is seven and Laura five."
"Laura!" said the visitor, starting.
thought her name was different."
"No hear?" any other."

"No, she hasn't any other."

"I suppose Capt. Palmer did not leave much property

"No, I don't expect he left a cent. Ten weeks' board is due for the children, but I s'pose Mr. Norcross will have to lose it. It's hard to slave Norcross will have to lose it. It's hard to slave from morning till night, and then not get any. thing for it. I expect some of the neighbors will be expecting us to keep 'em for nothing. Folks is just so unreasonable. I'm sure Mr. Norcross and I would soon be in the poorhouse if we flung away our money that way."

An expression of disgust swept over Laura's face, "What is the amount of the bill?" she asked,

"We've been asking six dollars a week for the two. Ten weeks' will make exactly sixty dollars.' You need feel under no concern as to the pay

ment of your bill," said Laura, quietly. "You have only to make it out, and I will settle it at once.

"Are you related to the children?" asked Mrs. Norcross, surprise mingling with her gratifica-

tion.
"I am not," said Laura, "but their father was a friend of mine. Since they appear to be unpro-vided with a home, I will take charge of them, if there is no objection."
"No objection at all," said Mrs. Norcross

briskly. I'm glad they're likely to have a home. 'Can you get them ready at once? I should

like to take them with me to-day."
"They can be ready in an hour. Only some of

their clothes are in the wash." "You can send them by express at your con-

venience.

"Good riddance to them!" thought Mrs. Nor-cross, as she left the room. "Now people can't find fault with us. The bill's paid too. We're pretty lucky.'

When the intelligence was communicated to Hiram Norcross, he rubbed his hands with glee, lost no time in making out a bill for the

children's board. Henry and Laura were brought into the sitting-om. They seemed instinctively drawn to Laura room. Thurston, and were soon on as intimate terms as if they had been acquainted for years. Laura, too, found herself attracted by them in a manner which surprised her. In the frank, open brow and clear eyes of the boy she recognised a striking resemblance to the father—a resemblance which excited in her a degree of pleasure not unmingled with pain.

"Will you come again soon?" asked the little girl, climbing into the lap of her namesal

"No. I think not."

"Oh, I am so sorry," said the child, regretfully. 'And why are you sorry?'

"Because I like you."
"How would you like to come and live with

"And not stay here any longer?" asked the child, eagerly.

"No. "Would Mrs. Norcross let me? Would papa be

"Mrs. Norcross has consented," said Laura, vading the last query. "And you, Henry?" she evading the last query.

asked, turning to the boy.

"I should like to live with you much better than

with Mrs. Norcross," he said, frankly.
"Then," said Laura, "it shall be as you wish. If you will go to Mrs. Norcross she will get you ready, and we will start by the next train."

Hannah's astonishment was extreme when her mistress returned with the children. plained, quietly, that their father was dead, and she was their guardian.

Now commenced a new life for the children, Miss Thurston constituted herself their teacher. It was to her a source of the greatest enjoyment to train these young minds, which she perceived to be full of promise. The days were no longer leaden-footed, but fled apace. A new world of thought and action, a new sphere of duty and reibility were opened to her. Nor was it little that her affections, which were naturally warm, had found objects on which they might be be-stowed. At first the children were dear to her for

don't know but we'd betterkeep 'em, say a week. If | their father's sake; Henry, for the clear eyes we send them off too soon, people may go to the | through which his father seemed looking at her; Laura, because her name ocn mully suggested that father's continued animent to herself. But the chi ren soon has me dear for their own sake. Laura felt that me had entered upon a new Her wealth enabled her to command all the advantages which were desirable for them. tunately she had no near relatives to complain of the manner in which she chose to dispose of her

One day Henry was reciting a le graphy, and was on the point of giving the boundaries of Africa, when Hannah entered the room

with the intelligence that a gentleman was below. "Do you know who it is?" asked Laura.

No. Miss Laura." "Did he give you no card?"

"No. He only said he would like to see you."
"Very well. You may tell him I will be down directly. Henry, we will defer your recitation for time. You may look over your spelling

now. Five minutes later Laura descended to the drawing-room. In the obscure light she did not at first distinguish her visitor. He rose and came forward. A man of middle height, with fine features, but pale and thin, evidently the effect of recent sicknes

Laura looked at him inquiringly. Not a suspicion of the truth dawned upon her mind.

"Don't you know me, Laura-Miss Thurston?" he asked in a low voice.
"Captain Palmer!" she exclaimed, with sudden

conviction. "I thought—"
"You thought me dead; I was so reported, but it was a mistake. I fell into the hands of the rebels, and they have kept me till this time. As oon as I could I wrote to Mr. Norcross, but he did not see fit to communicate the fact to you: when I called on him yesterday, he acquainted me with your disinterested kindness to my children. can I ever thank you, Laura?"

He took her hand in a tender, respectful man-

Do not speak of it," she said, hurriedly. felt that there was some atonement due to you for the past.'

"Have you, too, regretted it, Laura?" asked Captain Palmer, with subdued eagerness.

I have never ceased to do so. But let us not speak of this. The children are upstairs; when they have been properly informed of your return, they will be overjoyed to see you."

It is needless to relate with what rapture the children greeted their father, whom they supposed to be dead. Laura, from a little distance, watched with happy eyes this meeting, in which she seemed to feel a personal interest.

Captain Palmer obtained a boarding-place near by, but spent a part of every day in the society of Laura and the children. Day by day his step became more firm, his cheek assumed a more health ful color. But at length the furlough given him to recruit his exhausted strength neared a close. One day, sitting in his armchair, with Laura near him, he said suddenly:

"Ought I to burden you with the children while

am again absent?" "I shall feel that, in so doing, you are giving me the greatest proof of your confidence and estee "You are willing to be troubled with them?"

"Their presence is my greatest enjoyment." "Would you be willing to take charge of their father, also, Miss Laura?" he asked.

She looked up suddenly, and her lips half parted,

but she said nothing.
"My children shall plead my cause. Henry-Laura—I have asked Miss Thurston to become

your second mother, help me to persuade her.

Laura blushed as she met the glad, eager looks of the children, and she silently placed her hand

"Let the dead past bury its dead," he said, in a low voice. present." "Henceforth we live only in the glad

They were quietly married on the day before Captain Palmer's return to service, and now Laura feels that she has a rightful claim to the children, of which she undertook the charge for their father's sake.

#### LIFE.

LIFE is a river, flowing to the sea, Through fields of emerald green and flowery lea Yet oft its course o'er rocky bed may be.

Life is a vessel sailing to a haven Of peace and joy and happiness in Heaven; Yet oft the barque by angry wind is driven.

Life is a poem, a sweet symphony, A concord pure, a pleasing harmony Sometimes, alas! a low, sad threnody.

Let us with pleasure each good fortune greet, With fortitude each adverse current meet; Accept, with trust, the bitter with the sweet.

#### Wolf:

#### AN HISTORICAL STORY.

(A good deal after the manner of some " Historical Novel" Writers.)

BY A. F. BANKS.

Ir was a lovely evening in the autumn of the year when the good Queen Anne ascended the English throne.

Seated on the new-mown hay were a couple of youthful lovers. The one, a strapping lad about en; the other, a blooming maybe three years younger, still, with a developed

romanly air about her.

From the distressed look of the boy, and the overflowing eyes of his companion, it was evident that the subject of their communings was a painful one; two young hearts were undergoing their first real trial of worldly tribulation.

John Turner, owing to the sudden death, considerably involved, of his only remaining parent, a worthy farmer, was about to leave the village and the Hebe of his butterfly days, to seek a liveli

hood in the great metropolis.

Bred, as he had been, to agricultural pursuits, and being much liked in his neighborhood, it would not have been difficult for him to have procured employment; but there was that peculiar some thing in his heart which prompts to a higher, though maybe not happier, career, than the on bestowed by peaceful toil in the forest an meadows

His future was indistinct, even to his thought; but that future was not clouded. No! it was the dazzling rays of the gorgeous sun of hope alone which rendered it indistinct. The soul bounded for a giant tussle with its fellow-souls, and he

determined to go to London. Sally Barnes was an orphan, and for the last six years had been the companion of old Mrs. Ryson, her grandmother, a good old soul, but unfor-tunately very poor. Nevertheless, they got along very happily together, and it was a curious sight, when times were harder than usual, to hear these two talk over their position; the child, early inured to struggle, was as much a woman as her elder, with the difference that the old lady had learned to despair, a word as yet not introduced into the vocabulary of the blythe and hopeful

Otten, too, would young John Turner drop in, generally bringing in his pocket some little treat to add a zest to their homely supper. The poor have few visitors, and it is not to be wondered at that the heart of the guileless girl yearned towards the frank, kindly lad. Love, health and hope !- the Golconda of the poor.

It was a heavy parting. As a remembrancer— (as though a spur to remembrance in the shape of a gift were required by hearts that truly love and respect!)—John left Sally his companion, Wolf, a splendid young dog of a curious breed found still in the middle and southern parts of France, but extinct, or nearly so, in England.

The name Wolf was a most appropriate one, for of the entire breed yelept the "wolf-dog," from their remarkable resemblance to that animal, none had a more decidedly wolfish look than John Turner's four-footed friend. As he pointed to his young sweetheart, and told him to remain and "watch her well," the sagacious, well-trained dog cocked his head and wagged his tail, as though he thoroughly understood the matter in all it bearings, and was making a mental vow never to ert his gentle trust. As his master with a bursting heart trudged off on his journey in life the dog advanced hesitatingly after him, but an admonishing hand reminded him of his new duties, and he returned to lick away the gentle tears which furrowed the cheeks of poor lonely Sally.

Four years had rolled on. For the last eighteen months no tidings whatever had reached the village concerning the rover. One sad morning Sally found herself alone in the world. worthy grandmother died, and with her also expired the very slender annuity which, with the aid of sundry odd jobs of needlework, had helped to support the two.

Sally, although proffered employment by the principal milliner of the village, determined to go to London. Old folks shook their heads at this, and prophesied a "a bad end" for her. But knew not the great incentive which impelled that young girl thus to confront the perils of a city.

In spite of silence, her heart, hour by hour, wandered those mazy streets in search of her early love. So she made up her small bundle, secured her little store of money safely about her person, tied her handkerchief over her head, and, ccompanied by her faithful Wolf, started for her destination.

Without meeting with any particular adventure or serious molestation, she arrived in London, after about a month's travel, having made various stoppages to fill sundry orders in her calling, which happily fell in her way at some of the farm houses where she stopped for rest or shelter.

II would recommend this idea of a "travelling milliner" to our Yankee girls; it is a new field and might raise a fair crop.]
She put up at a small, cleanly roadside hotel, in

the outskirts of the city, and, by a piece of good fortune, the landlady, a buxom, merry-hearted body, upon learning her trade, informed her that she had quite an accumulation of neglected mendings, alterings, etc., including a brand-new churchgoing dress to make. Sally acquitted herself so satisfactorily that Mrs. Melby suggested that she should take one of her cheapest rooms and establish herself as a milliner in that neighborhood, and that she would exert all her influence among her friends to procure her work. The poor girl received this offer with delight and gratiti in a short period not only found herself the possessor of quite a stout purse, but beloved and respected by every one who knew her. Early struggle either has a good or a bad effect upon its victim: it had rendered Sally kind and lenient.

One day, about two months after her location here, she suffered a sad misery. Her faithful old Wolf, who had established an extensive and appreciative acquaintance, both canine and biped, was nowhere to be found. Enemies he had none, therefore it never entered any one's mind to search in the nearest pond; and it was a well-established fact, based upon numerous experiments, that even mutton-chops had no power to seduce his allegi-ance from his mistress.

The crier was sent round, but could learn no tidings, and a number of good-looking, sanguine young gentlemen, nervously anxious to be of service to Miss Barnes, scoured the country and town with a like fruitless result. Serious dark surmises began to be bruited about dogstealers and a trip to foreign parts, when one morning Mrs. Melby received a letter. Her honest eye glistened as she saw the superscription and broke the seal. It was from an old lodger of hers, one on whom she doated as though he was her own

He informed her that, having been in that neighborhood a few days ago on a hasty commission, which prevented him from calling to see his dear old landlady (so he wrote), he had been startled by being, as he at first thought, attacked by a monster dog, which sprang clear at him. In a moment, however, he found that it was but the rough, hearty, overjoyed recognition of one who had initiated him into the mysteries of bread and milk from a saucer, as well as superintending his youthful education generally.

It was Wolf! who, doglike, wasn't disposed,

thenceforward, to abandon his old friend, even at the risk of offending the new.

[Now, my dear reader, do not unjustly endeavor to establish any more consanguinity with the canine race among your enemies.]

John Turner, convinced in his own mind that Wolf could never have deserted his colors except in his own favor, felt assured that the sweet girl of his yet constant dreamings must be somewhere near, and besought Mrs. Melby to use every exertion to discover the whereabouts of the owner of Wolf, as, in his pride of dog proprietorship, he was assured that such a superb animal would not be lost without anxious inquiry.

Breathlessly did Sally listen to this letter, and a big tear came into the good old landlady's eye as she was made the depository of the secret of a

young girl's life-love.
"Won't we astonish his weak nerves!" exclaimed Mrs. Melby, bustling about, and ordering her little pony-chaise round instanter.

"Poor Jacky!" sighed she, as she put on her st; "he'll kill himself with those musty books. Why won't he take to summut more practical like?"

John, arrived in London, had endeavored to procure employment in some occupation congenial to his hopes. Every avenue was closed to one poor and without recommendation. He had at last got employment in a menial capacity, and had taken lodgings at Mrs. Melby's. His wages were very, very scanty, but he paid his little bill honorably, and by his gentleness had endeared himself to all in the house. He was rarely out after his work was over, and Mrs. Melby soon discovered that the cause of his sunken eye and haggard appearance every morning was that he sat up reading till two o'clock in the morning.

Now came a disaster. His master failed and he was thrown out of employment. But his former good conduct insured him a roof over his head. He taught the children and did all sorts of little writings and commissions. These, however, only barely supported him, but Mrs. Melby stuck

to him and cheered him on.

It was perhaps a feeling of independence which one morning prompted him to leave the house of his benefactress. He left her a letter thanking her gratefully for her kindness; he said that h owed her much-much more than could be repaid in a mere pecuniary point of view; and promised when he had succeeded—ignis fatuus of a word!—to return and live with her; at present he was ashamed to be the daily recipient of her favors.

The old lady riled up indignantly at first perusal of this letter, but upon consideration she acknowledged that her pet was right, and al-though his absence cost her some honest-hearted tears, his step rendered him quite a hero in her estimation.

They found John in a dirty room scattered all over with books and scraps of paper. Great was the astonishment, bliss, of all parties. Wolfcertainly looked a little confused at the first moment of their entrance, but the next he had evidently made up his mind to put the best possible face on the matter and brave it out, and made such a decidedly friendly demonstration in the dresses of the visitors as to cause Mrs. Melby to exclaim more energetically than usual, "Drat the dog!"

It was no use in John trying to disguise his position; his coat and his cheek told the story too In spite of his expostulations, the pony, plainly. much to his intense disgust, had an extra passen ger, to say nothing of nearly a hundred weight of books and "such truck" as the old woman contemptuously styled "thoughts which burn," &c

The remainder of the story may be shortly told. The old love resprang in the hearts of the young couple, stronger even than of yore. John at last couple, stronger even than of yore. Some wastellistened to his landlady's advice, and determined upon doing something "practical like." He commenced doing so in the right way. He married Sally. Then, with the assistance of Mrs. Melby, he set up a small haberdashery store, part of the establishment being set apart for the prosecution of the millinery business. Prosperity seemed to take a pleasure in smiling upon their sunny countenances, and in a few years the millinery business was abandoned, and John Turner became a merchant.

Success followed him in his new career, and in a few years more he was one of the most highly cted of the merchant princes of the world.

In the year 1728 he was elected Lord Mayor of London, and as he and his goodly dame, accompanied by the overjoyed Mrs. Melby, now a silverhaired woman, proceeded in the gorgeous carriage provided by the city for such occasions, on a formal visit to their Sovereign at Windsor Castle, the truthful pair looked into one another's eyes, and felt that there was a dad above who ald not suffer honest merit to struggle in vain.

Old Wolf had died honored and respected years before, leaving behind him a promiscuous posterity, which will bark and permeate through

Books in these days are generally like some ads of trees—a good many leaves and no fruit.

#### TO FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

BY TROMAS POWELL.

ENGLAND was ever famed for Nightingales. Singing at evening in her leafy lanes, And charming lovers with their dulcet strains, Adding a music to love's gentle tales! Haunter of sylvan dells and leafy dales, Oft, too, thou'st soothed the poet's thoughtful

pains; olier far to cheer the dying bed, And be the angel that sometimes is given To parting spirits as foretaste of Heaven, Just as the consciousness of earth has fled. Winged voices that enchant the quiet vales, Deem not thou'rt wronged, when, by the world, 'tis said

That the one Nightingale most dear to fame Is she who joins sweet Florence to her name.

#### TOM DASHER,

The Man who Married on Phrenological Principles.

BY JOHN BYERS.

Tom DASHER and I were college chums. Tom's studying was deeper and closer than mine; he liked the exact sciences, the classics and moral philosophy, and I skimmed more on the surface. having a preference for the modern languages and belies lettres—calling myself a student in English literature. Tom worshipped the philosophers, I the poets; and we bent together at the shrine of me poess; and we bent together at the sarihe of Momus. Tom looked on wit and humor as sauces for the "solids"—so did I. We took upon ourselves the dignity of sophs at the same time, and when we took up the languages Tom commenced with the Latin—as usual—but I jumped and took
up French, without knowing one word of the dead
—notwithstanding the frowns of the faculty.
Although we differed somewhat in our tastes as to studies, we were of the same warm social natures. Tom liked a glass of punch, I did too; and, to use a college phrase, "we looked well behind our

During the intervals of study we used to converse on our favorite themes, agreeing that conversation was almost as beneficial to us as poring over our books. We found that it enlarged our ideas, made us liberal-minded, and gave us inclinations to look charitably on what the hastilyjudging world often censured.

We frequently conversed over a glass of punch—we never indulged in more than one at a time and Tom said that he could talk as well with punch as without it; "besides, it looks so social,

Harry."

"Ah, yes, Tom; and your metaphysical remarks

lose their dryness by contrast."

In vino veritas. Tom used to say that if there was anything he preferred next to his books it was a home of his own; he assured me that the addi-tion of a wife to his personal property would enhance its value beyond calculation. Tom had a competency, I hadn't. Tom could marry when he saw fit, I had to wait awhile.

When our class graduated I delivered the "salutatory," and Tom took the highest order of all— he was Valedictorian. So we bade farewell to our fostering mother together. Tom to pursue his metaphysical researches at Laurel Lodge, and remain heir-expectant to its goodly acres; and I to take a position under the government in the East

I was in India three years, and heard from Tom twice in that time; he mentioned nothing about being married, but spoke about contributing "heavy" articles to one of the quarterlies. As I said, I remained in India three years, and then a longing for home, together with the disagreeable climate, caused me to resign and seek the pleasanter air of my native England.

A few days after my arrival at home I mailed a short note to Tom telling him of my return, and when he might expect me at the Lodge. was his answer:

"LAUREL LODGE, Jan. 30, 18-

"LAUREL LODGE, Jan. 30, 18—.

"My Dear Harry—I am delighted, my dear old friend, to know that you are at home again. 
"Will it be convenient for me to receive you?' How could you spoil your note by such a query? An old friend like you should know me better. Come, my dear fellow, as you value my friendship; come instanter. I see that you have your old lack of continuity—I know it by your sentences; and Destructivenessis not increased, for you consumed only half a sheet of note paper. Your Order is not so good as formerly, you placed your post stamp wrong end up and on the wrong corner of your envelope. But do not give heed to my wanderings, Harry. Come to-morrow without fail. I will ride down to the station for you, and as I know you look well with a Horse under you I shall have Bess, the black filly, along for your especial convenience. I expect you to make good use of language, for we shall talk over our punch as we used to of yore. I have some game that will tickle your Alimentiveness. Your affectionate friend, "Thomas Dasher."

This letter pleased me, yet some parts of it staggered me somewhat. Sundry words com-mencing with capitals looked strange—to be sure the meaning of them, but Tom seemed to use them queerly.

I missed the ride on "Bess, the black filly." An accident to the train delayed me one day, and when I arrived at Laurel station I had to walk to

the door I recognised the old housekeeper.
"She was glad to see Master Harry. The old

master and the young ladies were away in London. The young master was at home, but he was clean daft, gone cracked altogether. Nothing was of no account to him, except an outlandish thing he called free—no—logy. And if you'd see the skulls and bones he's bin a gatherin', and hear

his father says he's a loon, and if I could say what

Happily for my perplexed ears Tom appeared at this juncture, and I received a warm welcome. He was not content with one hand but had to shake both, and they received the hearty pressure of true friendship. So far from appearing "cracked," he had more of the intellectual and cultivated cast than when we were students. His face was thoughtful, but oh, how it warmed up when he

Study and application had furrowed a line here and there, but they were honors, the scars of the conflict. His carriage was erect, although his head inclined slightly forward; his hair was brushed nicely back off his ample and well-marked forehead, and his eye was as clear and as strong

We linked arms in our old friendly way, as we walked through the old halls of the Lodge on our road to Tom's room, where we used to sit and talk when I visited him during college vacations, or, as he called them, "leaves to go out and play, kindly

granted by our Alma Mater. There, my ancient," said he, as he opened the door and ushered me in with a wave of the hand, "there is our old den, and a man with your Locality should not fail to recognise every mouse hole, and that cobweb which I think was here at your last visit. I have allowed it to remain becau consider its occupant a resident graduate. an elderly spider, but I call him young Euclid, because he invents more geometrical problems on that web of his than a mathematician could solve

"But let me get a good look at you, Harry. Three years have not altered you much; your vital temperament is hardly as strong as formerly, you have been sacrificing vital for mental, using steam without a proper supply of fuel; your diges boy, you have been too sedentary had your Inhabitiveness been weaker you would not have left India so soon, your domestic group make up too strong an average for a rambler. There's a great deal expressed in those well cut lips of yours, Harry; and those full, expressive eyes betray no ordinary amount of the language power. Your face is as open and honest as ever it was (there's the old approbative smile), and there's no want of charatibleness and benevolence in -

"But, my dear Tom," interrupted I, anxious for a respite, "for the sake of my poor uncultivated brain, do tell me what you are trying to in-

flict upon me?

Tom laughed in his old hearty way, and then explained to me how much he was interested in the science of phrenology. He rattled away quite eloquently on his new theme, and I gradually began to understand him and appreciated his allu-sions. I had heard of the science before, but like many another, had given it merely a thought en passant. I had my ideas of what it intended to teach, but had never devoted a moment to its study, or even given it a careful reading, so I was puzzled with its technicalities. Tom went off to order hot water for punch, and I took a glance around the "den." The venerable young Euclid was not visible; his last problem must have been too simple, for he hadn't even caught a fly in it and I concluded that he had retired to his cell to think out something astonishing. In the corner opposite to the one occupied by the spider was a bookcase with glass doors, and on the middle shelves were arranged some skulls, bones and plaster casts. One of the skulls attracted my attention particularly, because the top portion looked as if a policeman's club had come in contact with it and made a hollow fairly across it. It was labelled as follows: "A professional murderer. Notice the absence of Veneration and Benevolence, and a general lowness in the rest of the moral The perceptives average much more than the reflectives; the selfish organs predominate over all; the width at the ears is immense; and Amativeness shows development only in that part

which prompts the grosser instincts."

There was a wonderful difference between the shape of this skull and that of the one next to it, which was labelled: "The skull of a soldier killed at Waterloo. He was a professing Christian, a thorough soldier, a tender nurse to a wounded comrade, and a steadfast friend. He had man's courage and woman's tenderness. Notice what a fulness Benevolence gives to the arch of the fore and follow along the top of the head and note how well all the moral and refining faculties are developed. Destructiveness and Combative ness are strong, but they are strongly checked : the domestic faculties are all strong, and the forehead is well marked."

Next to this skull was that of a dog, and on it was the line from Hamlet:

"Alas! poor Yorick! I knew him -

The sight of the name instantly called to my mind Yorick, the pointer dog, who used to raise the game for Tom and I on our shooting excursions. Works on phrenology occupied the lower shelf, and it was while I was deeply absorbed in one of Spurzheim's lectures that Tom returned.

"Ah," said he, "I see you are surveying my binet. That simple little collection is as great a terror to the females of this household as some political cabinets are to the world. Even paterfamilias confesses his timidity, and the house-keeper declares the room to be haunted; but if it is never haunted by worse spirits than ourselves. Harry, it won't lose its prestige. But here's the punch, my boy, so let us draw our chair up to the grate, and see what kind of spirits haunt the

We got close to the cheerful fire, sipped our punch, and talked away in our old style could not keep from his phrenological hobby. So much did he wish to enlarge on it, that it was only with a great deal of interrupting on my part that I got information as to the health of his family, old friends, &c.

"But, Tom," said I, as we put away our empty him talk about combatusness; and—but, dear me, goblets, having went our measure, "you do not logical principles, too—at least he says so, and of

seem to have taken the honors of a Benedict upon you yet. You used to dote as much on the happiness of possessing a wife as do now on phrenology, and still you lack the 'valuable addition' you used to talk about."

"Ah, Harry, I would have no trouble in getting the addition you mention, but to get the proper kind—there's the rub. I have lost none of my desire to enter the married state, and could have gratifyed my wishes fifty times since I saw you last; but I am determined to never marry unless I can do so on phrenological principles.

"Oh, bosh, Tom: you surely do not intend to apply a phrenological plaster to marrying "Certainly, my boy, I apply it to everything in

life. Ah, Harry, I have been a student of human nature lately, a close one, too; and my new science has been my tutor, with observation for a helper. I look on society as a great book comed of two great divisions; the first called Man. and the second Woman, and their virtues and vices, facings and foibles make up the chapters. He who would study each character closely would find work for a lifetime, and if he had the proper inclination he would find the study a proper inclination he would find the study a pleasure. 'Authors live in a world apart from other men'—so do students of human nature. In every person they meet they see a chapter of the great book; they can read them too; and their characteristics and oddities they easily account for, while the 'unlettered' wonder what caused them. I have paid a great deal of attention to to the second division, I have given it close scrutiny, and find my ideas of woman now be much different from my former ones. Like many another I used to look for attractive faces, gay dispositions and winning manners, never thinking of those endearing qualities of head and heart that are the distinguishing traits of a true woman. Ah, Harry, how many men and women there are who never look beneath the surface, who, when they marry, find that they have taken upon themselves more of life's miseries! This is too often the case, and results from the haphazard way many have of choosing a life-partner. In fact, some make no choice whatever—they go, they see, and they are conquered, and marry because they think they must complete the programme. The poet spoke truly when he said 'Women are the angels of our homes.' The sentiment is a noble one, and finds an echo in my heart, and I am sure it does in your own-women is indeed an earth angel when she possess the nobleness of true womanhood. But how many exceptions we find to the rule. Did you ever read the novel, 'John Halifax, Gentleman?' Yes. Well, I often thought that Ursula was an angel in the home of John Halifax, and I have fancied, too, that I would like just such a woman for a wife, although, indeed, she had a little too much of the air of sadness for one of my warm and ardent nature—many and many a time have I wished that I could tear away the veil of fiction that covers that book, and pronounce the characters real. Harry, I have become thoroughly disgusted with the women I meet when 'out. Simpering, affected things they are, with a lot of poor fools in their trains to whom the least smile or favor is worth a kingdom. If a man cannot dance or sing or 'play' he may hide his head when in their society; the man who can only boast of his brains, and who likes a quiet corner and a chat, may as well put his brains in his pocket, for any shallow-minded ape who cannot converse beyond the small talk of society, but can use his heels to perfection is held in far greater estimation. I hope you will not deem me un-charitible when I say that I believe that the more woman mingles in society the more she loses er nobleness; her domestic nature is gradually effaced; her finer feelings become blunted, and the home altar which she should make sacred loses one of its chief ornaments. I think also that some women take far too much upon themselves—they imagine they are petty tyrants, that serves—they magne they are petry tyrants, that they can say to this one 'go,' and he goeth, and to that one 'come,' and he cometh; and think also that they have the privilege of dealing their cutting remarks and their censures and approvals indiscriminately among their gentlemen friends, believing them 'too gallant' to retaliate. Do not think me harsh in my remarks, Harry; no one admires woman more than I do; I know that it is man's place to woo, and hers to be won, but I do not like to see her taking too much for granted. I do not wish her moderate mingling in society to be tabooed either; but I wish to im press on you that the gay frequenter of society will never make such a wife as the one whose chief pride is the home circle. And when the home circle is a true circle, pleasure will never merely tangent to it-it will be sure to cut the circumference! Do not think either that I am looking for a model wife, some gem of perfectionah, no; I believe that looking for too much perfection is decidedly an imperfection; and do not imagine that I believe in affinities. The woman who is not spoiled by the affectations of the world; who has education and refinement, liberal senti-ments and a reverence for that which should be venerated; who has congeniality of temper, whole-souledness of disposition, and that amount of domestic quality that makes home and its associations paramount to all else, such a woman like for a wife; and if I married such a one I would be marrying on phrenological principles, because I would be taking for a partner a woman corresponding phrenologically to my nature. And there are just such women to be found, and but, Harry, I am getting tiresome, pérhaps, and we will let the subject drop for the present. I we will let the subject drop for the present. I could much enlarge more on it, for it is one of vital importance, but I might weary you—al, there's the teabel! We both like the pleasures of the table, so let us adjourn to the dining-room, and you can tell some of your old stories with which you were

Well, reader, Tom did marry, and on phren-

wont to set the table in a roar."

course he knows. Along with the cards he sent me a short note, which wound up in this way:

"She's the daughter of a clergyman, Harry, not equal to me in "station" (I dislike to write that word, but I had to), and plain-featured; but you know, old friend, that I never would compare 'face and pocket' with 'head and heart.' But that is not the question; you must be at the wedding. Do not disappoint "Yours affectionately,

Yours affectionately, "Thomas Dasher."

When I saw Tom's betrothed I was pleased beyond measure. I knew nothing about "human nature" or any of Tom's "'ologies," but "that dear piece of humanity" (as Tom sometimes calls her now) seemed, to my untutored judgment, just such a woman as I could lavish my whole love Tom said she was plain, but I thought her more than that. To be sure, she was not positively handsome, but she had

"That womanly grace that maketh the plain seem fair." Her head was large and well-shaped, her forehead was ample, and her rich brown hair fell off in pretty waves at each side; her blue eyes were large and expressive, and seemed to me to have the "love-light" in them; her lips were full, and what one would call "ponting"—just such a pair of lips as one would wish to kiss; and her chin was well-sized and rounded, while her whole features were perfectly regular. There was a bewitching expression in her face, a kind of modest sweetness, a sweetness that perhaps the man of the world could not see, but which would recommend itself to him who could perceive true beauty. Her head just peeped over Tom's shoulder when they stood up together; and when he led her to the altar she hung on his arm—not in the because-Iought-to-do-it manner that some women have—but she was close to his side, leaning heavily, in that trusting way that only a woman can sho emed to think, as I already knew, that the tall, manly form that supported her contained as large and noble a heart as ever God blessed a man with. Tom made no mistake in his calculations, his mar ried life is all he could wish it to be. And I should know, for I am often at the Lodge, notes to "Dear Harry" are as plenty as ever they were, and Mary—that's her name—is always pleased to see me, because Tom calls me his brother.

Tom's father died soon after the wedding, and both his sisters married soon after, so Tom has the Lodge all to himself—and Mary. They have a little world of their own; she won't let him write much, but once in a while he gets off a contribution to the review, just to keep his hand in. He has been more than a brother to me; he set me up in business on my own account, and I am getting along famously. Taking all things into consideralong famously. Taking all things into consideration, I think I shall marry. Tom says there's nothing like it, and of course Tom knows. Besides, I know a nice little body whom I fancy is just the person to help me to transcribe a home circle. Tom says she is, and I would take Tom's opinion against the world's. I often wonderdon't laugh if I don't know anything about phrenology—I often wonder if I should marry this little body, would I be marrying on phrenological prins. I think I'll ask Tom.

#### INDIAN WAR ON THE WESTERN FRONTIER.

From the British boundary to that of Mexico the Indians are in arms. The California overland mail is stopped, that to New Mexico may soon follow. The Indians are often led by white men, in some cases have provision train, and the finest modern rifles. All this, and the concert between the various tribes, points to rebel instigation. The Indians were from the very outset approached by the rebels with offers; and Albert Pike, the poet, was, we know, active in exciting the Indians to desolate our frontier.

In the recent expedition of Gen. Sully, the celebrated

In the recent expedition of Gen. Sully, the celebrated Father Desmet went as a peace commissioner, and urged a peace with the Sioux. He evidently saw tokens of widespread hostile feeling, and used his influence to detach the Sioux from any combination. His plan was however rejected.

The war is now raging furiously. On the 20th of July Gen. Sully attacked the Sioux and destroyed an immense number. Immediately after this the Indians commenced an indiscriminate war on the frontier of Kansas and Neiraska. During the past month of August a large number have been murdered by the Sioux and other powerful tribes in the region of Fort Kearney. At Plum Creek II men were killed and two women taken prisoners. The women dropped their collars, combs and scissors in the trail to assure our forces in pursuit of the course their captors had taken, but the savages reached the buffs and our men turned back.

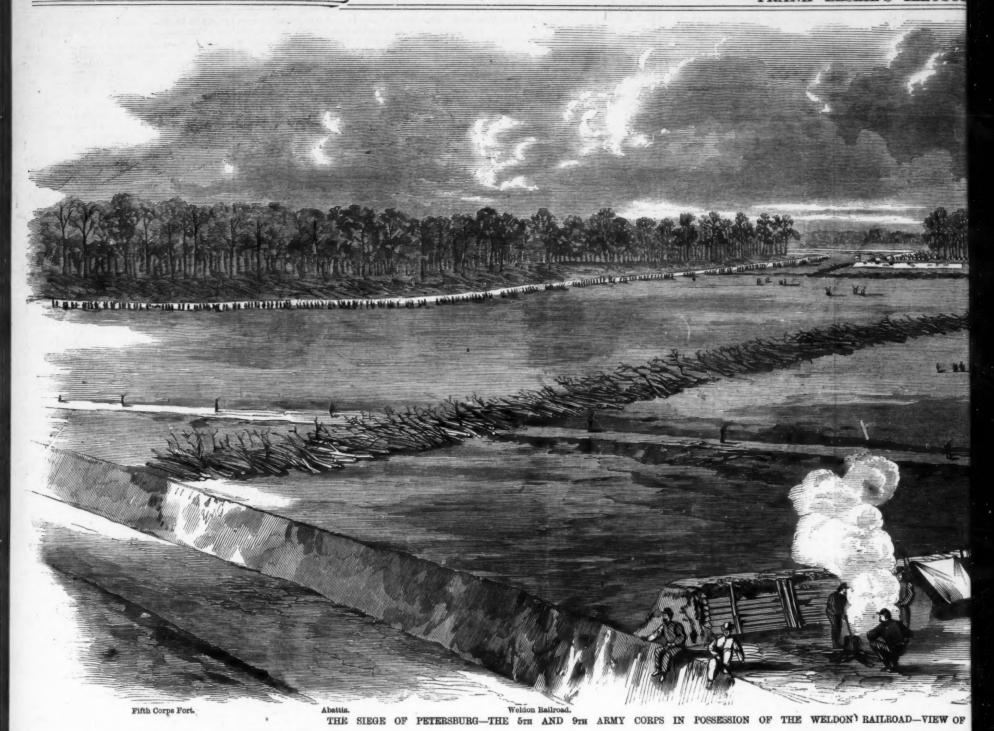
At Gilman's ranch, 80 miles west of Kearney, At Gliman's ranch, 80 miles west of Kearney, six men-vere slaughtered, and property destroyed and stock run-iff. At Beaver creek a train of seven wagons, six men, wo women and four little children were taken. Thirty ifoux rode up to the train, made signs and uttered vords of peace, but wanted something to eat. While he white men were cooking for them they were fired upon, the train burned and the women and children cap-ured; one of the children was shot because it became attemed and evied.

fatigued and cried.

At Pawnee ranch 17 men and one woman and child were slaughtered and many houses burned. It looked more like the work of guerillas than that of Indans. The chief of the band was killed. Joseph Marcum, a brave fellow, was at Liberty Farms, just in from Idaho, he saw buildings burning, and went out to scout. The Sioux, some 46 in number, saw him, and sent three of their party to cut him off. When he saw them they were close upon him. He ran the gauntlet, discharging his revolver, and lying on the side of his horse when they fired at him. His arm was exposed by holding on to the horn of his saddle, and he received a rifle-ball through it, above his elbow, but escaped. The Indian who shot him was killed. One man was pierced with 30 arrows while a' work in his field.

These savages have not only the deadly bow ahd arrow, but many of them the best of arms, rifles and revolvers; and on the Big Blue river, the other day, our men killed whatswas thought to be a Sioux, but when the war paint was washed off the Sioux turned up a white man with red hair. It is evident, and is generally believed on the border, that white allies of guerilla experience are heading these copperheads in their work of devastation and slaughter.

In one place the Indians drove off a large number of cattle, and the Kansas militin, with some U. S. volunteers, started out to recover them. They were, however attacked by the Indians, several thousand in number, who came on yelling and firing rifles, which to do the starter could get near enough to use their own weapons. A retreat followed, and the soldiers were pursued ten miles from the field by the Indians. fatigued and cried.
At Pawnee ranch 17 men and one woman and child





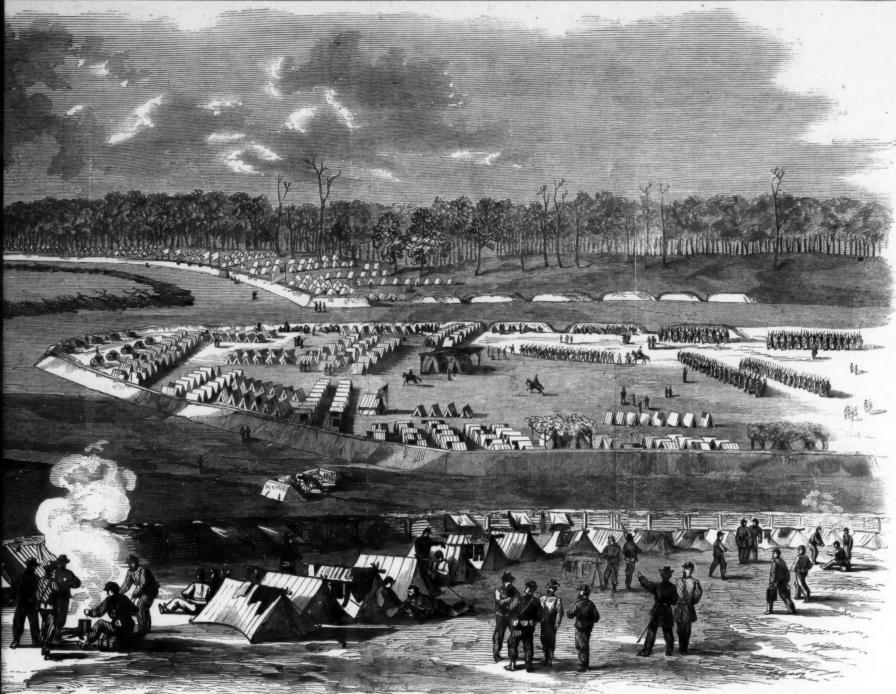
JOSEPH MARCUM FLYING FROM THE INDIANS.



INDIANS ATTACKING A TRAIN AT BEAVER CREEK.



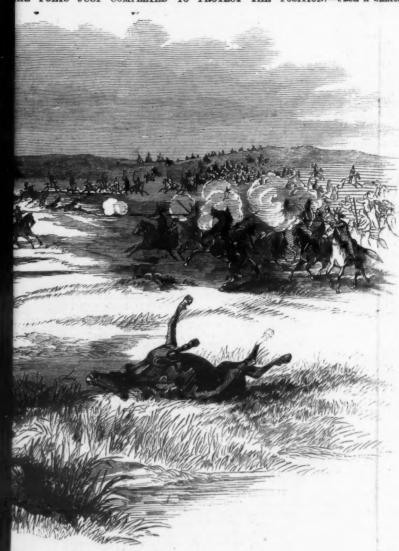
U. S. VOLUNYEEES AND MILITIA DEFEATED BY THE



Ninth Army Corps.

HE FORTS JUST COMPLETED TO PROTECT THE POSITION.—From a Serice by Andrew McCillum.





BLL-ARMED INDIANS.—SEE PAGE 7.



INDIANS CARRYING OFF WOMEN AT PLUMB CREEK.



A SETTLER PIERCED WITH THIRTY ARROWS.

#### THE FALSE IDOL.

BY ADA VROOMAN.

Upon my dreams A shape of mystery and delight he rose, As spring beams forth on Polar seas and snows. Girdled with summer gleams.

With silent feet he came, And radiant, awful eyes—a king, a god, Piercing the dark wherein my soul abode, With shafts of subtle flame.

All peace and joy,
All dear delights—all Heaven lay in his glance,
Shone on his lip—beamed from his countenance,
Without this world's alloy.

What marvel if I knelt! Turning from storm, and cold, and shapes of gloom To him who walked untainted by the doom

That blighted all I felt. And then I saw from far

My old-time heroes, gods and men sublime, Gaze, darkly frowning, down the halls of Time To my bright morning star.

And sudden light kist earth, sea, air and heaven, That single smile all mists of woe had riven, All doubts beguiled.

And low and clear His accents, thrilling as the murmurs won From Memnon smitten by the morning sun, Fell on my charmèd ear.

"Hast thou no glance, No smile, no flush of joy, to greet thy fate? Or have I come, my sweet, too late—too late To break thy sorrow's trance?"

"No, best beloved, no!" He kissed the words from off my pallid mouth That reddened as the rose, when from the south The winds of sweetness blow.

II.

Here, choked with dust, I lie. Look up, my soul! The planets burn, Above the earth the heavens yearn, The nightwinds moan and sigh.

Oh, woe is me! This night and blankness-lost-forlorn! No more the blissful light of morn
My tear-dimmed eyes shall see.

He was no god! Yet now I think I do him wrong; The night is dark, the way is long My weary feet have trod.

The cruel earth Yawns for me; and afar I see My long-lost weep and sigh for me;
My woe has quenched their mirth.

Weep not! No earthly shame, No earthly sin can weigh me down. I come! Upon my brows time.
Whose leaves are points of flame. Upon my brows that shining crown

### NINA MARSH;

OR.

## THE SECRET OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER XI .- MR. BARBARY MAKES A DISCOVERY.

"What a thundering ass you are, Bill!"
This polite remark was made to William Staines, clerk to Mr. Barbary, solicitor, by James Underwood, ditto.

William looked up astonished, as most of us would at such an unprovoked attack. But his first instict was naturally for retaliation.
"You're another!" he said; and then, his sense

of justice satisfied by the fairness of the retort, he quietly resumed his work.

"Well, but, Bill, don't you know what's up?"

"How should I?" answered Bill, resentfully. 'You didn't tell me anything, except that I was a

"And that isn't news; but I can tell you some

news, if you like."
"Out with it, then."

"You'll have Old Bobbery about your ears i you don't stir your stumps. There's a sight of work to be done. This deed will have to be finished by post time, and there's that will to be drawn, besides two leases, and a writ to make out for old Wilson presently when he calls. Young Larkyns has got into a scrape again, they tell me; and his father says he shall go to prison before he'll fork out, for he's done it twice too often already.

Well, I couldn't be ected to if I wasn't told," said Bill, in a surly tone. "I wasn't told about it officially, stoopid!"

This epithet, independently of its opprobriou ness, was a great blow to William Staines, who had just begun to take pleasure in his own sagacity. He was about to improve upon it in his own sagacny. He was about to improve upon it in his own retort when "Old Bobbory," as they irreverently termed their employer, entered the room.

"Now, then," said he, roughly, "do your work

first, and quarrel afterwards."

We can do our work and quarrel too," answered nes Underwood, dauntlessly. "There's no James Underwood, dauntlessly. "There's no reason why we shouldn't have our little pleasures as well as our elders."

"I tell you what, my lad, your tongue will get you into trouble some of these days, if you don't watch it!" and Mr. Barbary shook his head admonishingly towards the desk, and returned to

A wonderfully keen little man was John Barbary. Step by step he had worked his way up the ladder of fortune, and now that he had reached the top | than we knew what to do with."

he could afford to smile at the steepness of the ascent. His lines had not fallen in pleasant places as a youth. His mother had been a shrew, and his father a drunkard. Often enough had the boy known what it was to go for a week together with-out bread, his sole meal in the day a mess of turnips and potatoes. But luck favored him, and favored him early. Passing along a by-street in Great Malston when he was about twelve years old, lovingly fingering two stray marbles he had happened to pick up, John Barbary came upon Mr. Jones, a solicitor of long practice in his native town. This gentleman was just stepping out of his office, and held a bundle of deeds in his hand, which he seemed to be sorting as he went along. The lad watched him, simply because he had nothing else to do, and presently he saw a light paper drop from the bunch and flutter to the ground. John stepped forward with alacrity, picked it up, and restored it to its owner.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mr. Jones, examining it critically through his gold-rimmed spectacles, "where did you find this twenty pound note?"

"It dropped out of your papers, sir;" and John, who had never seen money in this form before, blamed the ignorance which had alone caused his

"Why didn't you keep it, lad, ch?" said the stern old lawyer, wheeling sharply about, and casting a searching glance into the boy's face. "Keep it, sir!" answered John, assuming a tone

of virtuous indignation; "it wasn't mine."

For John Barbary, who had no particular bias towards dishonesty, and was quite willing to be upright if uprightness could be made convenient and profitable, thought it advisable to act up to the character he had involuntarily assumed. With s modestly downcast he awaited the result of

Mr. Jones's scrutiny.
"Come, little lad," said the old lawyer, kindly,
his survey over, "I should be glad to do you a ervice in return for your honesty. What shall

"If I could be put in the way of doing some work, sir, I shouldn't want anything else," replied John Barbary, who saw how fatally and surely idleness and bare cupboards went hand in hand, and thought that work and full meals must be a better combination after all.

"Very well," said Mr. Jones, evidently pleased with the answer. "I know you—you are Barbary's son, of Jew street; but I'll give you a chance. I want an errand-boy. Come down to-morrow morning, at nine o'clock, on a week's trial, and if you suit me I'll keep you on, and possibly make something better of you in the end."

"Shall I get anything for it, sir?" asked John, unwilling to secure himself an increase of labor without proportionate advantages in other re-

"Never you mind that - I'll see you don't And Mr. Jones nodded encouragingly and went

his way.

This accident was the foundation of John Barbary's fortune. From errand-boy he became under-clerk, then head-clerk, after this a junior partner in the business; and, finally, when Mr. Jones retired, he had the field to himself, and sowed it with gold instead of grain. Now he a highly-prosperous man, to whom people looked up with reference to his wealth, and not his size, for, as we have before asserted, Mr. Barbary was by no means a giant. He was now verging on fifty, but looked considerably younger. His hair was that of light sandy color which is very late in turning gray; and he had an active, nimble way about him which gave him quite a youthful ap-pearance when he walked. His forchead was low and prominent, the brows overhanging the eyes, which were small and keen, of no defined color, and yet imparting a decided expression of astuteness to his physiognomy. The mouth was coarse, the lips those of a man who loved good living, and was more sensible than sensitive; but, nevertheless, it was a reticent mouth, one not given to indiscreet confidences. A certain benign glow of color on each of Mr. Barbary's high cheekbones gave you the idea that an empty cupboard was still his abomination, and that a glass of wine after dinner was not a luxury he had taught himself to despise. Perhaps if we said a bottle it might be nearer the mark, for we know that people who are partial to high-seasoned dishes suffer a good deal from thirst in consequence. Be this as it may, Mr. Barbary, having neither wife nor child, had no motive for stint, and had certainly earned his little indulgences by patient labor.

When Mr. Barbary had quitted the office and retired again into his own private room, the wo clerks began to work with a diligence which would have been praiseworthy if it had only been persistent. But in ten minutes their pens had slack-ened speed, and their eyes were wandering.

"Bill," said the elder, thoughtfully, " thundering long will this seems! Why, if I'd fifty them all I'd got in less time than that."

"And so could I," answered Bill, who had £30

a year, and nothing found.
"Ours must be a rotten constitution," pursued James still more thoughtfully, "when y that one can't tie up a house without a whole parchment full of palaver. tell you what," he added, after a pause, a fine profession, too. We're like parsons when they get into the pulpit-we can say what we like without anybody's contradicting us.

"I'd rather have a good tuck-out than a go talk, any day," answered Bill, who was lamentably deficient in sentiment. "I wish father had apprenticed me to a pastrycook. I should like to have had the pelishing-off of all the stale tarts!

Just you think of having all Saturday's leavings
for Sunday's diamer! I'd take care everything
wasn't sold out that day! I'd turn the tarts over so as to make people think there wasn't any jam inside, and then we shouldn't have more customers

"And suppose you were—" began James Underwood, when the door opened in a sharp, im-perious fashion, and Lord Gillingham entered the began James

It is mean and pitiful-it is even disgusting-to see how Englishmen worship rank. These two poor clerks, mongrel-bred up to the very roots of their hair, and humbly cognisant of the same, bowed and cringed before this lying, drunken peer as if he ways a wed instead of a local very large. as if he were a god instead of a lord. James Underwood, whose audacity held good under ordinary circumstances, was now breathless with awe; and Bill rose from his visionary feast like a slave who is caught regaling himself at his master's

"Is Mr. Barbary in?" said the earl, in his sharp, haughty manner

Yes, my lord," murmured James, growing pale with deference. "ship wants him?" "Shall I tell him that your lord-

"No; I'll do that myself," answered Lord Gillingham; and without deigning to glance at his informer, he walked straight into Mr. Barbary's

Mr. Barbary was almost as much overcome with his presence as the two clerks. He had never be-fore had the honor of a visit from his patron. Occasionally he had been sent for to Rendlesham Court, but at these times his interview had ostensibly been with the steward, and his lordship had merely strolled carelessly in towards the last, to be satisfied upon some point of law or question of favor. Mr. Barbary had never expected to see the day when Lord Gillingham should enter his private room unannounced, and he could not quite get over the novelty of the event. He handed his lordship the padded chair in which he was wont to luxuriate himself, and stood by the table, modestly awaiting information as to the reasons of the distinguished honor conferred up. him.

"Sit down, Barbary, sit down," said the earl, in a conciliatory tone, and Barbary obeyed, mutely grateful for the condescension. "Pve something here I want you to examine for me," added his lordship presently, and he rummaged in the pocket of his greatcoat and brought out a folded paper, which he handed to the lawyer.

"Ah! a certificate of death," commented Bar bary, getting more at his ease now that profes sional matters were introduced.

"Look at it carefully. Does it strike you abeing a genuine document?" inquired the earl. "Perfectly so, my lord. I should say it was a

mere copy of the register."
"And there is nothing informal or suspicious

about it?" "Nothing whatever, my lord. Still, if your lordship should entertain any doubt upon the point, the best way would be to go to Woodruff, in York-

"It seems hardly worth while," said the earl musingly. "I suppose it is all right."
"I have no doubt of it, my lord—but stop!" and

Mr. Barbary gave another keen glance at the certificate in his hand, then put on his spectacles, and favored it with a critical and lengthy examination. Well?" said the earl, impatiently

"I should say that the certificate itself was genuine, but that the date had been altered." Lord Gillingham rose eagerly from his seat, a came and bent over the paper in his turn.

"Look, my lord-if you will pardon the liberty I take in begging you to put on my glasses—do you see that the date of Mrs. St. George's death is put down as the 11th? but my impression is that the figure given was originally a 1."

"And what makes you think that?"
"If your lordship will be obliging enough to take the trouble, you will perceive that not only was there insufficient space for two figures, but that they differ considerably in formation. The first, for instance, is made with a natural flourish, but the second was originally a mere straight line, and the flourish was an afterthought, added to make the imitation of the other more complete."
"What brings you to that conclusion?"

"I have other reasons, my lord, besides those I have just specified. The flourish in the second does not join the figure itself, and was evidently supplied several days later by the difference in the color of the ink, as well as by the way in which it is formed, being thicker at the top than at the bottom, as if by a downward stroke rather than by a natural movement of the pen, as would happen with a person who was in the habit of writing the figure 1 with a flourish."

" Very well." "And you may distinctly perceive that the figures are crowded, the space being barely large enough for one. Besides that, it is plain to me that black ink was used in the first cas we call blue-black in the second.'

"The clergyman might possibly have bungled e date," said the earl reflectively.

"He might, but it is hardly probable, as he could copy verbatim from the register before him. Besides, having no motive for concealment, he would, from the force of habit, write both figures in the same way."
"There is something in that,"

"Then, too, my lord, it is highly improbable that he should have two bottles of different kinds of ink at his side. "Still, in writing, some letters would be paler

than others.' "But not of a different tinge, my lord."

what motive there could be for altering the date "Neither can I, my lord; therefore I simply mfine myself to stating the fact without comment. If it was done, it must have been done with a motive, because people do not commit forgery for nothing, more especially a gentleman of Colonel St. George's position, who has so much at stake." "Who told you that I suspected Colonel St,

"I see what you mean, but I can't understand

George?" said the earl sharply and haughtily. "I presumed so, my lord," answered the lawyer, in a tone of humble deprecation. "I should be

deeply grieved to cast any imputation upon a member of your lordship's distinguished family." "Mind me here," replied the earl brutally, "I'll

pay you off if you do. You may think that you're safely over the stile, and can do pretty well as you like, but I'll manage to show you you're mistaken if a single word of this business gets beyond your

"My lord, if I had not been gifted with professional discretion I should not have been trusted as I have been."

as I have been."

"Oh, I know you well, you lawyers; you'll hold your tongue if you can get anything by it, but if you can't, then you grow dangerous. Now, I'll just tell you what—Sir Barnard Symes is under my thumb; he'd as soon think of flying as of giving his daughter to any one I didn't approve. Do you understand?"

"My lord, I assure you these threats are quite unneeded; my honor and my interest would both keep me silent."

And Mr. Barbary blushed as he spoke, for Margaret Symes, with her broad shoulders and highlycolored cheeks, had seemed to him as much of an angel as any woman could be. Not only this, but to become the son-in-law of a baronet had always een Mr. Barbary's pet ambition, and the tempting cup seemed near his lips. Margaret was coy, but not indifferent. She had been setting her cap at people until the cap had worn out, and her patience too. All this trying and waiting had become dreary work, and the uncertainty of future success harassed her beyond measure. She was close upon thirty-four now, and although she had thought to look higher than John Barbary, she had gradually come to the conclusion that he merited encouragement, and consequently she had given him encouragement. Her father and mother, who, it may be supposed, had grown quite as tired of waiting as herself, looked on with something that was not, assuredly, disapproval. And so it came to pass that this was a sore subject with John Barbary, and that he would have given any possible guarantee of secrecy rather than that Lord Gillingham should put his threat into exe-cution. He went on very humbly—

"Your lordship may trust me perfectly. I was brought up--

"Yes, curse you!" interrupted his lordship, who had turned into one of his brutal tempers, "I know how you were brought up. Old Barbary wasn't a beggar, to do him justice, but that was only because he liked thieving better. I knew him well, and if ever there was a rogue on this earth, he was one."

'My lord-really--" stammered Barbary, junior, who hardly cared to have his family antecedents raked up so unceremoniously.

"Yes, really!" sneered the earl; "and another time don't you be so officious. Who the deuce vanted you to find out anything about Colonel St. George?

"My lord—I thought——"
"Then you'd no business to think."

And his lordship went out, muttering some very igly words; Mr. Barbary, like a beaten hound, following obsequiously at his heels.

The lawyer could not account for his patron's

sudden perversity. It had seemed to him at first that the earl would be personally gratified by any discovery he could make affecting the character of Colonel St. George, and after he had exerted himself to afford his lordship that gratification, he had suddenly veered round to the opposite side, and censured him prodigally for his pains. It is never very agreeable to be forced to listen to abuse we dare not return. Retaliation is not only a pleasure, but an absolute relief. To Mr. Barbary, who had sharp wits, and a temper to match, to remain passive under reproach seemed more ignominious than moral. Had any stake less weighty than Margaret Symes hung upon the balance, the little lawyer would have charged his own cannon and made his office bad quarters for his savage adversary; but as it was, he carried on the war to some future day when, Margaret won, and a baronet his father-in-law, he should stand on more equal terms with his foe, and be able to return his fire without wounding his own hand.

#### CHAPTER XII. -ALL FOR LOVE.

CAPTAIN MARSH's steadfastness of purpose often went as far as obstinacy. This was the great fault of his character. It is true that he never made any decision without firmly believing it to be right; but after this it was impossible to make him understand that the fact was capable of a different interpretation or admitted of a modified rendering.

Cyril's father had not been the sort of man to make dependence on his counsels at all wise or judicious. General Marsh was good-hearted judicious. General Marsh was good-hearted, but violent and irascible. He took as much pleasure as he could get out of life, then he lay down quietly to die, repeating almost word for word Lord Muskerry's saying when on his death-bed, "That he had nothing with which to reproach himself, never having denied himself anything."

This was Cyril's first grief, and one which he ould not easily master, for it was without hope. He felt that there must be something more expected of us then self-indulgence; and that people did not wake with a conscience any the clearer for having gone to sleep on roseleaves, This lesson he carried dimly within him, hardly realising its issues or comprehending its full magnitude. Unfortunately for him, his mother dead, and he was too reserved by nature to talk of his feelings to ordinary or indifferent people; consequently he struggled with them for a time, then shut them up in his own heart. As no new shock had come to quicken them again, they remained as dead, buried beneath a thick

crust of worldliness and pride.
Still, he was a person to be trusted. Katie even had instinctively realised this, and, on his simple promise to take care of Nina, had shown herself content. Nina felt it too-felt it with a strange

yearning desire to be son thing to him, and have profit out of his strength and self-She hardly know that she loved him with a love which shapes a woman's destiny and with a love which shapes a woman's destiny and moulds her at will. She had not dared yet to make any analysis of her sensations. She would not be satisfied that she could love now, and yet she felt the full significance of the change working in her, although she would not acknowledge its meaning. She walked as one in a dream. If Cyril looked grave, she was grave; if he looked gay, she could forget all her troubles and be gay too. It was certain that some day soon now the scales would fall from her eyes, and she would confess that life, and home, and kindred were cJ no less value to her than Cyril's love; but, as she confess that he, and home, and kindred were of no less value to her than Cyril's love; but, as she could gain no hope out of this avowal, it was better not made, even to herself. In destroying the doubt we often destroy our self-control.

Cyril's keen eyes had read unerringly the gra dual change in Nina's feelings as regarded himself. At first she had hated him unconditionally; after this she had learnt to fear him, and yet value his approval; and, finally, her strong, passionate love had given itself unconsciously to him. Cyril was sorely tried, and one can hardly wonder that he fell. Whilst Nina looked on him with indifference, he could find no excuse for indulging his own feelings, and was armed with one safeguard at least in the hour of temptation. But when he found his very step conjuring the light into Nina's eyes, and bringing a sudden bloom into the white cheek, Mrs. Trent's warning assumed the light of an impertinence, and he began to persuade him-self that no statements were worthy of credence without the support of facts. He had not stifled his conscience yet, but its voice had grown feeble, and the sophistry of passion occasionally drowned its mandates.

Cyril loved Nina as men love the first woman who has touched their heart and turned its ice into fire. He had been cold in days gone by, and had often found himself wondering at the madness of other men. But he was wiser now. All his confidence in himself was gone. He had declared that he was safe, and all the time he knew that the passion was on him as strongly as in a malady which is past cure. I might tell you how he wrestled with his love, how he beat it down one day to rise more vigorous than ever the next. I might, but cut bono? This old, old story needs no fresh telling, no effort at embellishment from new pens. Most have their experience to guide them in reading it aright, and those who have not are best unenlightened. It is a shame to destroy the ignorance which is also bliss.

Although Cyril had come to a firm resolution of visiting Mrs. Oldum, and warning her that he would find some means of putting an end to her extortions, he thought it only kind and honorable to inform Nina of his plan before he put it into execution. She was walking on the terrace one morning, enjoying the sunshine, when he joined her, meaning simply to tell her of his scheme, and then retreat before he should compromise himself by any indiscreet avowal. We shall see how he fulfilled his errand and his promises.

Nina was pacing sharply up and down, and the exercise in the keen, frosty air had brought a rich bloom to her cheek and a brilliant light into her She turned directly and perceived Captain eyes. She turned directly and perceived (Marsh, and advanced smiling to meet him.

"I am glad you have come out," she said, ently. "The morning is so delicious, I hardly care to enjoy it alove."

A fierce thrill passed to Cyril's very feet. He felt giddy and faint. There had come to him suddenly one of those keen paroxysms of passion which overpower the reason and scatter to the winds all effort at sober calculation. That flush on the round cheek, that softened gleam in the marvellous eyes, the tremulous movement of the lips when the smile died away, were so many tokens of supremacy which might have upset the principles of a stoic and made a king think meanly of his throne. Cyril forgot to wrestle, forgot to reason, and only remembered that he loved.

"Go away from me, child," he exclaimed, with almost savage earnestness. "Don't you see that I love you?"

She drew back a pace or two, and the flame died

"Yes, I know," she replied, in a tone of deep dejection. "I know; you are ashamed."
"It is no question either of shame or unwillingness now, Nina; it is gone too far for that," said Cyril, gravely. "I cannot be put off with evasions any longer. Either you must explain to me what impediment stands between us or we must part for ever. These alternations of hope and despair master me as if I were a child. I can't be sure of myself or my own resolution. The hour is come when I must command rather than plead

for an explanation of all these mysteries."

"Ah, now I see that you do not truly love me," said Nina, sadly. "I might have known how it would be. I did know, only I was mad, I suppose. Let me go, Cyril; what use am I here?'
But he was holding her fast.

"Never mind, I'll have you stop. Nay, don't struggle. I have your hand, and I mean to keep it until you can make it clear to me that I have right to the privilege.

Her temper was rising now, as it always did under opposition. She saw that Captain Marsh meant to master, not only for the easing of his mind, but for other reasons with which this had no connexion, and her pride was up in arms at once. She would yield nothing on compulsion. She had been close upon a frank and full confession ahe was only putting off the evil hour as long as she could; but now he had forfeited the right to claim this, and she would keep her miserable secrets to herself. She must have lost him anyway perhaps better, after all, that they should part in

anger than in shame.
"You have no heart," she said, under her breath; "you oppress me because you know I am weak," "You have been as gay as any of us lately; rember that."

"And why should I be always miserable? No was meant either to grieve or to suffer eter-

nally. "You have crept back into your old evasions and subterfuges," said Cyril, sternly; "I had hoped that they were cast away for ever."

"And I had hoped that you would give up acting as my judge and mentor."

"You wrong me there. Nina." replied Captain

You wrong me there, Nina," replied Captain sh, sadly. "For days past, it seems to me, I Marsh, sadly.

Marsh, sadly. "For days past, it seems to me, I have been nothing but your lover."

"And that is quite as unprofitable a post as either of the other two."

"Possibly; but all idea of profit gets sadly out of one's calculations at such times as these. I have lost a great part of my influence since I knew you."

"I am very sorry-

"No, Nina; you are very glad, if you speak the truth. I know you so well; you love power beyond all things. Even Jack Dawes's infatuation is pleasing to you—an agreeable little triumph you would not willingly forego; and as for Lord Gillingham-

"I suppose you are going to say that I like

"No; but you like his homage.

"I have never had sufficient of it to enable me to judge,"

Then you soon will;" and Captain Marsh's manner unconsciously changed to one of great bitterness. "He means to do you the honor of ask-

ing you to become his wife."
"You are mistaken," said Nina; "he has given me no reason to anticipate such a pro-

"Pardon me, he has spoken to Mr. Marsh.

"I think he might have consulted me before-hand," replied Nina, speaking quietly and coolly. 'I do not recognise any one's right to decide for me in such a matter."

"Mr. Marsh has not decided for you."
"Then I think it would be as well if I made up my mind to marry Lord Gillingham," said Nina, passionately. "At anyrate I should be out of verybody's way then, and that would be a relief to them, if not to me.

"Nina, my poor child, you must be mad," said Cyril, looking compassionately into her gloomy eyes. "Don't you know that, in common fairness and honesty, you would be called upon to give thos explanations to Lord Gillingham which you refuse to me? You understand best how palatable such confessions would be to such a man. If I were a woman I would rather scrub the floor and bake all the household bread than place myself in the power of a coarse-minded despot like Lord Gillingham. A woman's world is narrowed into the circumference of her own home. If she has no blessedness there, what remedy can she seek but separation? and that is one which a woman feels almost as much as the complaint itself. I am not speaking of those who go out of this love-circle wittingly and willingly to battle with men in their own special provinces, getting ungracious victor-tories at best, and thoroughly unsexing themselves tornes at best, and thoroughly unsexing themserves in the contest; but I am speaking of true women —such women as we love all our lives, and pray for with our last breath. Such as these are pure diamonds, which need the simple setting of a home made happy by and through them to the display of their full brilliancy. A man who wears a jewel of this kind in his bosom may defy fortune and fate, for nothing can harm him much."

People of sensitive temperament, when under the influence of any strong excitement, either laugh or cry. A feeling of nervousness drives them necessarily into extremes. We have known persons who, whilst listening to a sad and painful tale, could not subdue their inclination to laugh, and have often given offence on this account, when, to any one who understood them thoroughly, it would have appeared as much a sign of sympathy and distress as if they had actually cried. That this was a moment of supreme anxiety to Nina no one could doubt who took a glance into her white All the blessedness of life seemed to depend upon her present decision. At one time it seemed to depend upon her present decision. At one time it seemed possible that she should be happy, at another she wondered that she had even dared to think of such a thing. Like Tantalus, she had brought her eager lips close to the pure stream which should quench her burning thirst, and was even then denied the satisfying draught. She must go away thirsting; she dared not drink of the water which seemed within reach. Her uneasy longings seemed all the more restless that they had been so near being assuaged. Nina's heart felt like bursting, and yet it was a jest that came most naturally to her as she turned upon Captain Marsh with a light, grating laugh.

"You are quite a domestic character, I see; I had no idea of that!"

Cyril looked deeply hurt and offended.

ning better to say to n an you find not asked under his breath.

"What I might have found to say under happier circumstances it would be useless to repeat now. It can't be, Cyril; you know it can't."

This time she finished with a sob. You might make it possible.

"Would only make it more than ever impossi-

ble. "I could forgive a great deal, Nina."

"Yes, I know, Cyril, that you are good and generous; I acknowledged that even when I hated ou. But there are some things a man of honor cannot overlook. You must not be unjust to yourself for my sake."

"But why not let me judge, Nine?"

"But why not let me judge, Nine?"

"Because in your present state of feeling you might be easily tempted to any self-sacrifice."

"And, Nina, you could not refuse?"

"No; that's it. I could not."

"Then tell me, Nina, my beloved!"

"Never, Cyril, never; I should die of shame! I thought I could do it a little time back, but now

it seems more impossible than it ever seemed before. If I were to confess everything, and you were to marry me in spite of my past, we could only be happy just at first. When your love grew cool you would reproach me for bygone sins, and regret your marriage, looking upon me as a design-ing temptress who had taken advantage of your infatuation to draw you into an unjustifiable con-

"You called me generous a minute ago; should I merit that character if I could be capable of re-proaching you for a past which I had made up my

mind to ignore when taking you for my wife?"
"I do believe, Cyrll, that you, alone of all the
men I know, might be trusted in such a situation;
but I could not trust myself. If you looked grave, I should fancy you were trying to hide your regrets; and if anything should ever cause you to be harsh to me, I should suffer a thousand times more than other women suffer when their husbanps are harsh to them. So you see, Cyril, it is best that we should remain as we are.

"I cannot give you up, Nina; I will wait."

"Time brings no remedy in this case, Cyril. The world will not let a woman obliterate the past by good deeds. At any moment a coarse enemy may dash it in her face, and with one word undo the efforts of years. It is very hard, it is very cruel, that we should never be allowed to outlive our sins, as men do, and make ourselves a new name and reputation; but so it is, and lamenta-tions and complaints are mere waste of time. You see, Cyril, as I said, time can bring no remedy in this case; being a woman, I am forbidden either

to forget or retrieve my errors."
"So far as I am concerned, you need not search out any remedies," answered Captain Marsh, smiling, "for I do not want to be cured."

"Ah, Cyril," said Nina, with a blush and a sigh, you don't know how easy it is to forget."

"Yes, things, perhaps; but not people."
"When one oughtn't to forget, one does sometimes," she went on, musingly; "it is much easier
to forget and be at peace than to remember and suffer. Don't you believe that people may some "You could not, Nina."
"Let us go in," said Nina abruptly; "it's getting

so cold. And she shivered convulsively as she made her

way hurriedly towards the hous

And thus, as we have seen, although the oppor-tunity had been accorded to him, Captain Marsh had entirely forgotten to speak of his intended visit to Dame Oldum, finding pleasanter subjects to discuss. To tell the truth, he had almost abandoned his intention, or, rather, had put it aside for future consideration. He could not play the traitor now. He would let events take their own natural course, and guard this weapon in his hand for future use, should need demand.

Cyril, unlike his wont, had flung himself on the stream, and permitted himself to be drifted where it would. Some day he might make a stand against the current and right himself; but for the present he allowed passion to take the guidance of him, and threw reason and philosophy out upon the

#### A SINGULAR WILL.

A curious family lawsuit has just been settled at Paris. One Senor José Joachim de Gama Machado, gentleman of the bedchamber to the King of Portugal and an attorney in waiting to the Portuguese Embassy, finding himself about to die, made a will, and then was so long before he really "gave up the ghost" that he added 71 codicils to the original instrument. Having signed the 71st, he really did die in the summer of 1861, and from then, till now, his estate has been food for lawyers. Many of the codicils were strange. For in-

"I leave to the Atheneum of Paris 10,000f., the in terest of which, at 5 per cent., will be 500f. Half of this interest to be paid to a professor of natural history, who shall lecture on the influence of colors and patterns of dresses on the character of animals."

dresses on the character of animals."

Again:

"My funeral shall take place at 3 P.M., the hour when the rooks of the Louvre come home for dinner."

The Portuguese attaché was devoted to tame birds, and he desired that many stuffed specimens should be placed in his coffin—that his servant should carry to the ceremony "one of my favorite birds in his cage;" that certain birds should be let loose in the Bois de Boulogue on the day of his funeral; also that his horses should follow the procession, but not draw any carriage. There was another droll codicil:

"May 26, 1859—Bad weather, and I can't get out; so I will do a little good. I leave M. De Chevalier 10,600f., and I increase the annual pension of my servants 1,000f. a head."

and the state of t

Pope was considered in the last century the author who had made most by his works; he died worth about £800 a-year, but it must be considered he inherited property, saved and speculated. Thos. Moore's profits, spread over his life, yield but a moderate income; he opt £3,000 for "Lailah Rookh." Byron's whole receipts from literature were under £25,000, the most ot which gave away to friends. Talfourd once showed me a calculation, making out that Dickens, soon after the commencement of "Nicholas Nickleby," ought to have been, during two or three years, in the receipt of £10,000 a-year. Thackeray, exclusive of lectures, never got enough to live handsomely and lay by. Sir E. B. Lytton is said to have made at least from £80,000 to £100,000 by his writings, and the demand for them has been constantly on the increase. I have heard that Mr. Routlenge gave him £20,000 for a cheap edition of his novels for ten years, and that "Renn!" sells best. A pamphlet by him, "The Present Crisis" (1834), sold to the extent of 30,000 copies in a dear form in six weeks, and 60,000 more in a cheap form. We hear of sums of 500,000 francs having been given in France for histories—to Thiers and Lamartine, for example; but the largest single payment ever made to an author for a book was the check for £20,000 on account, paid by Messrs. Longman to Lord Macaulay, soon after the appearance of the third and fourth volumes of his history, the termis being that he should receive "three-fourths of the net profits." Pope was considered in the last century the

#### FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

Dr. Castn, having heard Thomas Fuller repeat some verses on a scolding wife, was so delighted with them as to request a copy. "There's no necessity for that," said Fuller, "as you have got the original."

"Tom, you seem to gain flesh every day; the grocery business must agree with you. What did you weigh last?"
"Well, Simon, I really forget now; but it strikes me it was a pound of butter."

"WE are in the midst of a revolution," as

When is a cabbage like a book? When it is

WHY do sailors in brigs make bad servants?

"You're a man of figures," as the mathematician said to the da

Who should be the most useful soldiers in a ark night? The Light Dragoons,

Some ladies use paint as fiddlers do rosin-aid them in drawing a beau.

A New Obleans gentleman calls a negro a ant of the dark ages.'

"I DIDN'T think you would be so hard with

Extravagance,—A man who is blind of one ye lighting two candles to read the newspapers?

A CONFECTIONER of New York has brought his business to such perfection that he is now offering to the public his candi(e)d opinion.

A GAMBLER, who had been thrown out of the A GAMBLER, who had been thrown out of the window for cheating at cards, was counselled by his friends "never to play again except on the ground

STUBBS said to one of his debtors, "Isn't it about time you paid me that little hill?"
"My dear sir," was the consoling reply, "it's not a question of time, it's a question of money."

Dr. Kitchener happened to be one of a ompany of thirteen in number, and on its being researched and pronounced unlucky, he said, "I admit it unlucky in one case."
"What case is that, doctor?"
"When there is only dinner for twelve,"

CIBBER being told one night by the Duke of Children being which the expected to see him hanged or beggared any soon, answered, "If I had your grace's politics and torals, you might expect both."

"You are writing my bill on very rough paper," said a client to his attorney.
"Never mind," said the lawyer; "it has to be filed before it comes into court."

"I want to ask you a question," said a little

boy to his drunken father.
"Well, my son?"
"Why is a gin-palace like a bad shilling?"
"I can't tell, my son."
"Because you can't pass it," said the boy.

WHAT part of the Continent, say in a trice, Have we cause to suspect most infested by mice I would say, in reply, 'tis well-known to us that In all Catalonia there is but one cat.

In a trial at Cork for murder, the principal vitness swore strongly against the prisoner. He icularly swore that a hat, found near the place of nurder, belonged to the prisoner, whose name

James, "By virtue of your oath, are you sure that this is the same hat?"

"Yes."
"Did you examine it carefully before you swore in our information that it was the prisoner's?"

your information that it was the prisoner's?"
"I did."
"Now, let me see," said O'Connell, as he took up the hat, and began to examine it carefully in the inside. He then spelled aloud the name of James, alowly, thus, J—s—m——s.

y = nm -c-s.
"Now, do you mean to say this word was in the hat when you found it?"
"I do."
"Did you see it there?"
"I did."
"And it is the same hat?"
"It is."

"Now, my lord," said O'Connell, holding up the hat to the bench, "there is an end to this case—there is no name whatever inscribed in the hat." The result was an instant acquittal.

Why should Africa rightly be considered to

Why is a tight shoe like a fine summer? ecause it makes the corn grow. WHY is care to a man like tether to a sheep?

secause it contracts his bro WHY is a schoolmistress like the letter c?

In choosing game to stock preserves, re-nember pheasants and foxes are known by their combs and brushes.

SOMEBODY tried to excuse a liar to Dr. John-on, saying: "You must not believe more than half of what he says."
"Ay," says the doctor, "but which half?"

Why is a barrister's profession not only legal ut religious? Because it involves a knowledge of the aw and the profits (prophets).

An eyeglass has been well-defined as a toy which enables a coxcomb to see others, and others to see that he is a coxcomb. "My dear," said a gentleman to a lady, to

a fool of me?"
"No," replied the lady; "Nature has saved me that trouble." n he sought to be married, "do you wish to A western paper says: "In a late gale birds

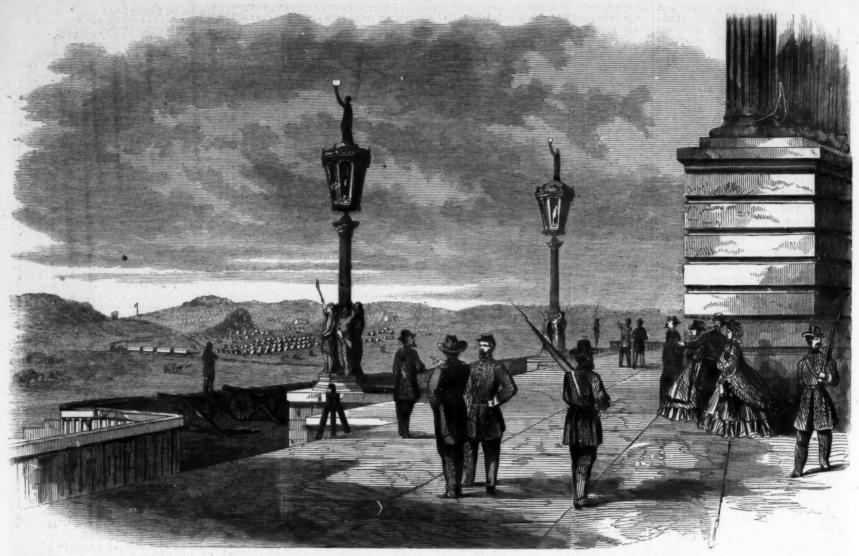
were seen hopping about with all their feathers blown off!" We have heard of gales at sea where it required four men to hold the captain's whiskers on! "You have a bad cold, Mr. Brummel," ob-

served an acquaints are to the prince of dandies.
"Why, yea," said he; "on the Brighton road, the other day, Weston, my valet, put me into a room with a THACKERAY being told that an acquaintance

of his, who was notorious for his love of beer, had sailed for Indis, replied, "He was a good fellow. Take him for half-and-half, we shall not look upon his like sgain!" A YOUNG lady should take heed when an ad-irer bends low before her. The bent beau is danger-

Dr. Thomas Chalmers, when in college, wrote very regularly to his mother, as all good boys should do. The excellent lady, adjusting her glasses, and reading the superscription of the package from the post-office, would carefully put away his letters, remarking:

marking:
"I ken our Tammy weel when he writes. As soon as ever he comes hame he'll read it for me."



VIEW OF THE STOCKADES AND PORTIFICATIONS ABOUND THE CAPITOL, MASHVILLE, TENN. -- FROM A SKETCH BY FRED. B. SCHELL.

#### THE CAPITOL, NASHVILLE.

Our Special Artist at Nashville some time since, when the rebels were menacing that important city in hopes of diverting Sherman from Atlanta, was struck with the scene at the State Capitol. The building itself, of immense proportions and of magnificent design, was entirely surrounded by earthworks and stocksdes of great strength; all the staircases and other approaches being thus defended. The strange association of the beautiful in art with the grim weapons of war is as sad as it is picturesque. The view of the country beyond, with tents scat ared far off in the distance, and the city around formed a scene seldom equalled and not easily forgotten. Our Special Artist at Nashville some time

#### THE COURTHOUSE, CHARLES-TOWN, VA.

This building has a history never to be for-This building has a history never to be forgotten. It was the scene of the closing events of the life of John Brown, of Harper's Ferry notoriety. Since the beginning of the present unhappy strife between North and South, the tide of war has rolled backwards and forwards several times, the place having been alternately held by both parties.

The building stands still, showing its marks of war, the holes pierced for musketry, with marks of shot and shell, and the waste and have occasioned by the army waves that have surged to and fro in the once happy valley of the Shenandouh, "the valley" of which Virginians spoke as though earth owned no other.



THE COURTHOUSE, CHARLESTOWN, VA .- FROM A SKETCH BY J. E. TAYLOB.

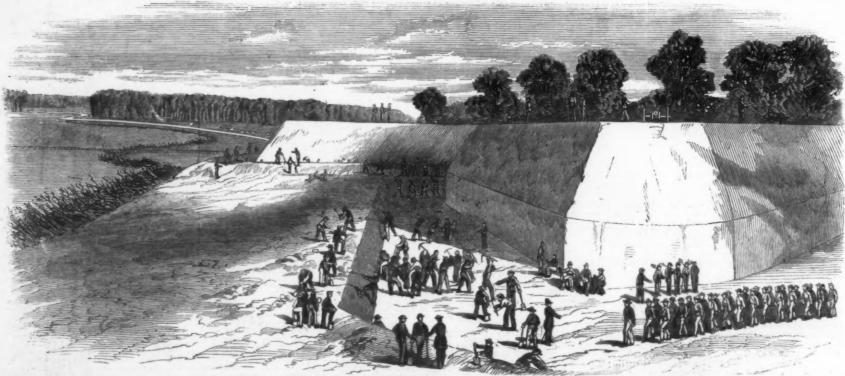
#### GRANT ON THE WELDON RAIL. ROAD.

ALL quiet in Grant's army! When this report comes day after day, our readers must not suppose that our army is idle, that Grant is doing nothing. There is more to be done in war than meeting and repulsing attacks or assaulting works, as our readers will under-stand by the valuable sketches in our present paper.

The solid and formidable fort thrown up by the 5th corps shown in the smaller sketch, and the line of that corps and the 9th as shown from that fort inte or that corps and the 9th as shown from that fort in the larger one, with the abattis in front, and covering the very line of the read, look like possession. The rebel lines cannot be seen in these sketches, being shut out from view by the curtain of woods which the reader will ob-

serve.

The rebel papers affect to make light of the loss of this road, but they feel it immensely. After a point is lost, they always discover that it possesses no strategic importance. The loss of Fort Morgan is nothing. Mobile is safe without it, and Gaines and Powell being gone made Fort Morgan of no value. Why defend it then? So, too, Atlanta has now turned out to be of no importance whatever. They can retake it at pleasure. So here the Weldon road is unimportant, but they fight two or three bloody battles to show how little they care for it. How an attack on our lines there now will fare, the reader can judge, and yet we are told that Lee is massing his men for a last desperate effort to force the hand from his threat.



FRE SURGE OF PETERSBURG-LARGE FORT THROWN UP ON THE LEFT OF OUR LINE WEAR THE WELDON RAILHOAD BY THE 5TH ARMY CORPS. -FROM A



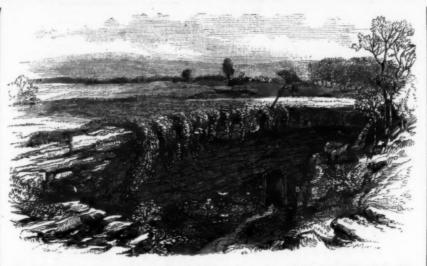
SHOULD OF MODILE—EXPLANION OF FORT POWELL AT GRANT'S PASS, JULY 5.--FROM A SERTCH BY B. D. HOUGH.

#### FORT POWELL, MOBILE HARBOR.

AFTER the entrance of Farragut's fleet into Mobile bay, and the dispersion, capture and rain of the rebel fleet, Fort Powell, at Grant's pass, the bombardment of which some months since our readers will remember from our sketches at the time, became totally useless to the rebels. They had not consuited Farragut as to his plans, and as he ungenerously withheld information they were unfortunately not in a posture to give him a suitable welcome on his approach from the bay. After the fight the Union fleet bore away towards the fort, really to be out of range of Fort Morgan; but the commander of Fort Powell seeing only an attack on himself, blew up the fort in the evening. We give from actual view a sketch of the explosion, and of the fort as it appeared when we entered it.

#### WASHINGTON'S CAVE.

AMID the hurrying march and countermarch through the Shenandoah valley, our Artist paused in view of Ashby's Gap in the Blue Ridge, to sketch a cave two mises south of Charlestown, in Clarke county, in the interesting Selden estate. This cave has a local reputation, from the fact that Washington is said to have here held the first Masonic meeting west of the Blue Ridge. We have applied to several of the craft who might be supposed to know of Masonry in Virginia, but have failed to ascertain the time when this occurred, or the lodge whose meeting was held in this romantic spot.



WASHINGTON CAVE ON THE SELDEN ESTATE, CLARKE COUNTY, VA., WHERE WASHINGTON HELD THE FIRST MASONIC MEETING WEST OF THE BLUE RIDGE.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. E. TAYLOR.

# THE BOMB-PROOFS" AT 12.2

Such of our readers as perused the charming volume "Cave Life in Vicksburg," issued by Appleton, need little explanation of the bomb-proofs of
Atlanta, of which we give an interior view. To those
less familiar we may say that they are excavations in
the soil roofed with heavy logs, over which is heaped
the loose earth to the height of a young Ararat. These
little mounds may be seen all over the city. The garden
to almost every house which does not boast a cellar is
now supplied with its artificial "bomb-proof." They
are perfectly secure against the metal storm, and many
of them are quite comfortably furnished with beds and
chairs and other furniture. Women and children were
huddled together in them for hours at a time, and when
the city was furnously shelled at night the whole community may be said to have been underground. Hither
in days of steady bombardment the less prudent fied,
for cellars, the common resort, were only traps. Some
times for days they lived there, eating, sleeping, working, plying as of old the spinning-wheel and other
ancient implements.

## OBSTRUCTIONS IN THE JAMES RIVER.

When Gen. Grant resolved to cross the James and operate on Richmond from both sides of the river, it became necessary to guard against a sudden descent by the rebel rams, which, built on that Merrimac pattern so steadfastly adhered to by the South, lay at Richmond ready to annihilate all Northerndom.



PUR SUROR OF MODULE—BUILDS OF FORT POWELL APTER THE EXPLOSION.—FROM A SERVICE BY S. S. MOUGH.

A line of piles was accordingly driven down, and our Monitors lying below it to keep watch and ward, ready to treat Morrimacs as we have done at Hampton, Charles-

Momitors lying below it to keep watch and ward, ready to treat Morrimase as we have done at Hampton, Charleston, New Orleans and Mobile.

Our Special Artist gives a view of this position taken from the Crow Neat battery, a high position from which a hundred pounder thunders on the enemy. The enemy feel this point to be vitally important, and have made the high banks brietle with cannons covering our batteries and operations.

#### MY GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

I will try to tell it as nearly as possible just as the old lady told it to me. It was her one story, the great event of her life, and be assured she told it more than once. This was the way it went:

It was a great many years ago, my dear, long before you were born, that my husband met with a serious accident in New York, fracturing his leg by a fall into a ship's hold. I was sent for imme diately, or rather the news was sent to me, and I determined to go directly to the city. We lived then in New York State, about two hundred miles distant from my point of destination, and there was no means of whirling one from point to point with greater rapidity than they could stay at home. Railroads were unthought of, and stage coaches only ran over the most frequented routes. After a family council, rather confined in suggestions for I had but few to advise me—it was concluded that I should set out on horseback, with Martin Frobish, our hired man, who was what was called "a German redemptioner" in those days, which means that he was an emigrant from that country, whose services for a certain term had been sold to my husband to pay his passage to this country, and that Martin, who had been with us for several years, was to be my squire to such a point as was best for taking the stage coach for New York.

That matter settled, we set out. The first night of our travel we stopped at the house of an acquaintance of my husband's, but it is with the second night's travel that the whole of my story

It was almost an hour after dark when we drew up by the gate of a wayside inn, that displayed a dingy sign of a horse with a man standing by it, and an announcement of "entertainment for man as its warrant. There was something and horse," in the look of the place as I entered that struck a chill through me, but there was no help for it,

there I had to stay.

The premises consisted of one large and get ral room, the bedrooms being all above stairs, the uninviting entrance to which was from the gene-ral room. I endeavored as far as possible to make myself contented with my situation, and to accept the sulky attentions of my host and his wife with s pleasant manner, but still there was a constraint that was far from being pleasant. I watched Mar-tin get his supper, and saw him, after dozing for an hour by the fire, go off to his bed. He had scarcely gone when a knock came to the door, and it was opened. The man admitted was undoubtedly an American, apparently an Eastern man. He was tall and raw-boned, but there was a homely air of honesty and good-nature in his face that came like a ray of sunshine into the great cheerless room at once, and made me feel as though I was safe in his presence. He wanted supper and a bed. The matter was discussed between him and the host, and the result was that my honest faced friend arranged to occupy the landlord's room, who was to take his chances in the large

room we sat in for the night. I cannot explain how or why, but I felt from the moment he entered the house as if my safety was secured. As far as I could understand, th room in which he was to sleep was next to my own. This was something I especially appreciated when I became aware, which I did very soon after he went away, that Martin had gone to the barn to sleep, and was consequently far beyond the reach of my voice should I have wanted to call With this feeling strong upon me, I watched him. the newcomer's every move, and when the time came for him to retire to his room I was very sorry to see him go. Go he did, however, and in good time I followed. I expected when I reached my room, which was a cheerless, ill-furnished one, that I would hear my next door neighbor stirring, but I was disappointed, and after listening awhile concluded that he had made rapid preparations, and had got into his bed. This, of course, was my own best plan, and I looked around to see the proper thing to be done. There was a fire upon the hearth, not a bright one, and I had a candle, so that what light could do for the room was done I first looked to the door, and very much to my annoyance I found that the lock had been removed, and there was no fastening. Then came a time of consideration, and the result of it was that I attempted to secure the door by other means. Itried to make a chair act as a prop against the broken lock, unsuccessfully, and then I lugged, with great labor, the heavier articles of furniture ss the room, until I had them piled against the door, though even then in a way that I felt would be insufficient should a resolute man under-take to force an entry. I had done my best with that when I went over to the fire, and sat down before it, upon the floor, with the idea of there pulling off my shoes and stockings. I had scarce touched the floor, when, by a turn of my head, I throw one glance under the bed. It was but an instant, but that instant froze all the blood in my veins. There was a man there, and that man was the traveller who had so prepossessed me. The turn of my head was very rapid, but it was long enough for me to be sure that I was not mistaken. Within the space of a few seconds all that I had ever read or heard of cases of sudden that I had ever read or heard or cases of sudden danger flashed across my mind, and I thought of what I should do. I could not go to work to remove the barricade I had built against the door, for that would bring him instantly upon me. I could not make believe that I had forgotten anything below, for that would be too transparent, and what was more I now felt confident, notwith

standing their great tact in concealing it, that

this man was in league with the people of the house. I saw no chance for my life, but the window, a sudden jump from it, and a flight into the woods; but this idea was dissipated in a moment by an attempt on my part to raise the sash, as though to shut in the outer shutter; and finding it was nailed down, there was nothing for it now, but either to meet death at his hands, quietly, without a struggle, or to battle for it as far as woman's strength will suffice against that of a man's.

I went back to my seat by the fire, and without looking, for I really believe that the horror of my situation gave me eyes in the back of my head, I saw this man under the bed, and saw his great, ferce gray eyes glaring out from the darkness upon me, and watching with a fiery eagerness. What, in heaven's name, should I do? I did not dare to scream, as I felt sure that it would only hasten my doom, nor yet could I escape. I felt pretty sure that unless I forced him to it by making an slarm, the man would attempt nothing until I was fairly asleep. From my point of observation, without appearing to do so, I took a view of the whole matter. I saw that the man had got to the situation he was in by creeping under at the foot of the bed, but that it was very unlikely he would get out that way, but that he would rather rise upon the side nearest to the wall, between which and the bed there was a place about eighteen inches in width, and to this point I turned my

I undressed myself as deliberately as though I had been in my own room in safety at home, and went through all the routine. It required won-derful nerve, my dear, but you must understand that my life was in the scale, and I was determined to go through with it. Just before I got into bed I went to my travelling bag and took from there my scissors, for I wanted them to carry

out what I had made up my mind to do. I got into bed, every drop of my blood creeping like ice through my veins, but still determined to play my part. I did not want the man over whose carease I sat—for that was my position on the bed —to think I had fallen into slumber too easily, and for that reason, before and after I got into bed, I hummed quite loudly to myself the air of a song. But while I was doing so, with my scissors I cut the upper sheet of the bed into strips about fifteen inches in width, and, with fierce rapidity, twisted them together until I had a rough, strong cord. This was to be my weapon of defence, and as soon as I had it finished I blew out my candle and pre-

Don't think from this that I lay down and be

ame composed. As soon as the candle was blown out the glim nering light of the fire was all I had to go by, and I knelt upon the bed, facing the wall, perfectly silent and grasping my cord in both hands. The room was still, and I could hear my own heavy breathing, as, without doubt, the man beneath me could. I think almost an hour must have passed away, I sitting, or rather kneeling with my face to the wall, before I heard a motion under the bed, and when I did it almost deprived me of sense. I watched that space between the bed and wall as I never watched any point or spot before, and thought of my fate should he fail to emerge in the very place I had calculated on. At last, after an hour, which to me seemed ten, I heard a move-ment, and in a minute saw the top of a head protruding from its hiding place. I stretched forth my arms, and quick as lightning, before the eyes were above the level of the bed, threw the cord I held behind the head, loosely. Another instant and the eyes came up and stared in astonishment almost in terror, at the figure kneeling in the bed facing them. I did not wait a moment for him to recover from the first shock, but with the strength that seemed that of a giant I jerked the cord tight, and drew the neck of the man against the wooden crosspiece of the bedstead, where, with a force and strength I had never before exerted in my life, I held it by throwing back my entire weight. Had my purpose or the cord given away at that moment, in ten minutes I would have been dead.

I strained tighter and tighter on the twisted cloth in desperate agony. I heard the great limbs beneath the bed struggle and flounder about in terrible desperation. I saw the long, lank arms occasionally rise above the bed in fierce attempts to clutch at me, but every fresh grasp only drew the cord tighter by throwing me farther back. I saw the horrible eyes starting out from the head, and growing dimmer and dimmer every moment, and the tobacco-stained lips growing paler, but still I clung with fearful energy and weight to the cord.

How long this horrible state lasted I have no means of telling. I feel sure that I was perfectly conscious until all life had left the man, and then I must have sunk into gradual insensibility, for long after the time usual for breakfast, when no stir was heard about, the landlady came to my door, and failing to get any response, brought up Martin Frobish, and between the two the door was forced, and I was found rigid on the bed, kneeling, with the weight of my body thrown back upon the tightly-grasped cord, and the head of the dead man just protruding above the bed.

It was a day or two before I was able to under stand or converse on the terrors of that night, and a week before I was able to leave that wayside inn but before I went away I freely confessed to the false opinion I had formed of my host and hostess. who during that week surpassed my every wish in their attention and kindness, and whom, I very soon knew, hid, under a rough manner, the kindest of hearts, and knew as little of the man I had been

the instrument to punish as I did myself.

An inquiry brought out the fact that he was a desperado, who had carried terror through a neighboring county, having committed several murders, and having concluded to change his locality and try his hand in another direction, met his punishment on the first attempt.

#### CHEAP BREAD.

"Bread and butter" are the only articles of food of which we never tire for a day, from early child-hood to extreme old age. A pound of fine flour or Indian (corn meal) contains three times as much meat as one pound of butcher's roast beef; and if the whole product of the grain, bran and all, were made into bread, 15 per cent, more nutriment would be added. Unfortunately the bran, the coarsest part, is thrown bread, 15 per cent. more nutriment would be added. Unfortunately the bran, the coarsest part, is thrown away, the very part which gives soundness to the teeth, and strength to the bones, and vigor to the brain. 500 pounds of fine flour give to the body 30 pounds of the bony element, while the same quantity of bran gives 125 pounds! This bone is "lime," the phosphate lime, it is pounds! This bone is "lime," the phosphate lime, it is indispensable element of health to the whole human body, from the want of the natural supply of which multitudes of persons go into a general "decline." But swallowing "phosphates" in the shape of powders or in syrups to cure these "declines" has little or no virtue. The articles contained in these "plosphates" must pass through nature's laboratory, must be subject to her manipulations, in alembiacs specially prepared by almighty power and skill, in order to impart their peculiar virtues to the human frame. In plainer phrase, the shortest, safest and most infallible method of giving strength to the body, bone and brain, thereby arresting disease and building up the constitution, is to eat and digest more bread made out of the whole grain, whether of wheat, corn, rye or oats.

But we must get an appetite for eating more, and a power of digesting more. Not by the artificial and laxy method of drinking bitters and taking tonics, but by method of drinking bitters and taking tonics, but by method of drinking bitters and taking tonics, but by method of drinking bitters and taking tonics, but by method of drinking bitters and taking tonics, but by method of drinking bitters and taking tonics, but by method of drinking bitters and taking tonics, but by method of drinking bitters and taking tonics, but by method of drinking bitters and taking tonics, but by method of drinking bitters and taking tonics, but by method of drinking bitters and taking tonics, but by method of drinking bitters and taking tonics, but by methods of drinking bitters and taking tonics, but by method of drinking bitters

A PONDEROUS gold guard chain has just been completed at a chain and jewellery manufactory in Springfield, for a man in New York, who has a fancy for "big things." It is four feet long, weight a pound and a quarter, big enough to chain an ox with, and cost \$900. Rather loud, that.

1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 14th, 18th, 20th, 23d GOLD, \$8—SILVER, \$1 50.



ARMY CORPS,

Showing each Division. BY THE SINGLE ONE, 100 or 1,000. Send for Circular. Address

DROWNE & MOORE

Manufac'g Jewellers, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

#### Attention!

100 Photographs of Handsome Ladies for 50 cents.
100 Photographs of Female Beauties for 50 cents. They are very rich, very rare and very racy. Address all orders to C. BRIGGS.
Chicago, Ill.

piagram of the U. S. Government.
INSTRUCTIVE AND ORNAMENTAL.
In demand as much as the Atlas or Dictionary. Sent
in Superior Pocket Case, postpaid, to any address, for
5 Cents. Agents Wanted. New York Agency,
469-72 37 & 39 Nassau St., N. Y.

#### Do You Want to get Married?

"Courtship Made Easy." A Book of 100 pages, Illustrated. Treating on "Psychomancy," plainly showing how either sex can fascinate, win the undying love, and marry whoever they wish, irrespective of age or personal appearance. Sent by mail for 50 cents and two red stamps. Address 469-75 E. D. LOCKE & CO., Box 1525, Portland, Me

The most successful because the best Lady's Magazine

## FRANK LESLIE'S MAGAZINE

Gazette of Fashion, FOR SEPTEMBER, 1864,

#### IS UNSURPASSED IN ATTRACTION!

FULL SIZED PATTERN OF A FIGARO BODY AND WAISTCOAT.

DOUBLE-PAGE COLORED PLATE OF FASHIONS embracing styles nowhere else found.

containing thirty-one different dresses

New Style of Hats, Corsages, Fichus, Jackets, Head-

#### dresses; fashions for girls of various ages. CONTENTS:

A Father's Bequest. Illustrated.

A Fright in the Caucasus.

Told in the Twilight. Illustrated. Love Me for Myself Alone.

Paul Garrett; or, the Secret. Illustrated. Tilustrated. Essie Granger. Illustrated. The Doctor's Wife, by Miss Braddon-

With other attractive matter, illustrations of Foreign

life, etc., etc. No Magazine in the country excels it in the literary

ability of its varied and interesting contents, or its illustrations, and none approaches it as a Fashion guide.

Buy it by All Means!

FRANK LESLIE,

537 Pearl Street, N. Y.

Just Published.

THE NEW NUMBER

FRANK LESLIE'S

#### BUDGET OF FUN, Being No. 79,

Its Grand Cartoon is one of the most telling hits of the age, and represents the great Arch-Rebel being Flattened Out.

FOR OCTOBER.

Also, John Bull and his Tribulations; and Gen. Grant and Jeff. Davis - besides numerous Comic Engravings by the First Artists of America and Europe-Leech, Tenniel, Rosenberg, Bellew, Newman, Forbes, Crane, Howard, McLellan, etc.,

The Letterpress is equally admirable, the contributions being by our best authors.

#### Price 10 Cents.

FRANK LESLIE'S

Publication Office,

537 Pearl Street,

New York.

The most "Rich, Rare and Racy" Paper in the U. S. is the "STAR SPANGLED BANNER," published at Hinsdale, N. H., at only 25 cents a year, with a gift to every subscriber. Subscribe at once. Specimens for a stamp. Address "STAR SPANGLED BANNER," Hinsdale, N. H.

#### HOWARD'S "IMPROVED" SWEAT PROOF



#### Soldiers' Money Belts.

Every Soldier can have one sent to him by return mail, free of postage, by inclosing \$2 50 or \$3, according to the quality desired. Address lify desired. Address HOWARD BELT CO., 436 Broadway, N. Y.



Gray's Patent Molded COLLARS. The only Collars shaped to fit the neck with a perfect curve free from angles or breaks. The turn-over style is THE ONLY COLLAR MADE Molded
Molded

Molded

Collars

HATCH, JOHNSON & CO., 81 Devonshire Street, Boston

S. LOWREY & CO., 37 Warren St., N. Y. VAN DEUSEN, BOEHMER & CO., 627 Chestnut Street, Philsdelphia. HODGES, BROS., 23 Hanover St., Baltimore.

WALL, STEPHENS & CO., 322 Pennsylvania Av., Washington. LEAVITT & BEVIS, cor. Fifth and Vine Sts., Cinn. J. VON BORRIES & CO., 434 Main St., Louisville. A. FRANKENTHAL & BRO., No. 6 Main St., St. Louis. BRADFORD, BROS., Milwaukee.

WEED, WITTERS & CO., 7 to 13 Tchoupitoulas St., N. O

#### REMINGTON'S



Warranted superior to any other Pistol of the kind. Also Pocket and Belt Revolvers. Sold by the Trade

E. REMINGTON & SONS, 466-78 Ilion, N. Y.

C. S. Sea, M. D., Baltimore, 35 years Professor of Female Therapeutics. His Celebrated "Blisses" for \$5. Programme for return stamp.

#### BAILEY & EATON'S PARAFFINE CUN OIL.

Prepared expressly for Army use. It prevents rust on locks, barrels, swords, scabbards, etc. Carefully put up in one gross packages. Wholesale Depot, 28 & 30 Canal St., Boston, Mass.

Agents Wanted, to sell our new MAP OF RICHMOND. The only Map published shing all the fortifications, together with descriptions, etc. Price, only 10 cents per copy; Wholesale, 75 ce

per dozen.

NEW MAP OF MOBILE. A Splendid Map. Price, NEW MAP OF MOBILE. A spiculation map. Price, 15 cents; Wholesale, § 120 per dozen.

MAP OF PETERSBURG, showing the scene of Gen. Grant's present operations; a very desirable Map. Price, 15 cents; Wholesale, \$1 per dozen.

G. W. TOMILINSON, Publisher,

221 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

THE GREATEST OPPORTUNITY EVER OFFERED CO SECURE GOOD JEWELLERY AT LOW PRICES.

#### 100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELLERY, GOLD PENS, BRACELETS, LOCKETS, RINGS, GENTS' PINS, SLEEVE BUT-TONS, STUDS, ETC.,

#### Worth \$500,000!

To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for \$1, and at the same time get our Circular containing full list and particulars, also terms to Agents, which we want in every Regiment and Town in the Country.

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.

J. H. WINSLOW & CO., 208 Broadway, New York.

## U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

The Secretary of the Treasury gives notice that subscriptions will be received for Coupon Treasury Notes, payable three years from August 15th, 1864, with semiannual interest at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum-principal and interest both to be paid in lawful money.

These notes will be convertible, at the option of the holder at maturity, into six per cent, gold bearing bonds, payable not less than five nor more than twenty years from their date, as the Government may elect. They will be issued in denominations of \$50, \$100. \$500, \$1,000 and \$5,000, and all subscriptions must be for fifty dollars, or some multiple of fifty dollars.

As the notes draw interest from August 15, persons making deposits subsequent to that date must pay the Interest accrued from date of note to date of deposit.

Parties depositing twenty-five thousand dollars and upwards for these notes at any one time will be allowed a commission of one-quarter of one per cent.

#### Special Advantages of this Loan.

IT IS A NATIONAL SAVINGS BANK, offering a higher rate of interest than any other, and the best security. Any savings bank which pays its depositors in U. S. Notes considers that it is paying in the best circulating medium of the country, and it cannot pay in anything better, for its own assets are either in Government securities or in notes or bonds payable in Govern-

#### Convertible into a Six per Cent. 5-20 Gold Bond.

In addition to the very liberal interest on the notes for three years, this privilege of conversion is now worth about three per cent. per annum, for the current rate for 5-20 Bonds is not less than nine per cent. pre wium, and before the war the premium on six per cent. U. S. stocks was over twenty per cent. It will be seen that the actual profit on this loan, at the present market rate, is not less than ten per cent, per annum.

#### Its Exemption from State or Municipal Taxation.

But aside from all the advantages we have enumerated, a special Act of Congress exempts all bonds and Treasury notes from local taxation. On the average, this exemption is worth about two per cent. per annum, according to the rate of taxation in various parts of the country.

It is believed that no securities offer so great induce ments to lenders as those issued by the Government In all other forms of indebtedness, the faith or ability of private parties, or stock companies, or separate communities, only, is pledged for payment, while the whole property of the country is held to secure the discharge of all the obligations of the United States.

Subscriptions will be received by the Treasurer of the United States, at Washington, the several Assistant Treasurers and designated Depositaries, and by all National Banks which are depositaries of public money. and

ALL RESPECTABLE BANKS AND BANKERS throughout the country will give further information and AFFORD EVERY FACILITY TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Stereoscopic Pictures and Cartes de ISITE, latest importations. Also, New Books and Sporting Articles. Send for Circular. 000 PIERRE BIBON, 25 Ann St., N. Y.

1

#### The Confessions and Experience of an Invalid.

Published for the benefit and as a warning, and a caution to young men who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, etc.; supplying at the same time the means of Self-Cure. By one who has cured himself, after being put to great expense through medical imposition and quackery. By inclosing a postpaid addressed envelope, single copies may be had of the author, NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq., Bedford, Kings County, N. X.

Pountain Pen.—No Inkstand Required.
One filling writes 12 hours. A Gold Pen, \$1, or Pen
and Case, \$1 50. Send stamp for Circular.
G. F. HAWKES, Sole Manufacturer,
466-9
64 Nassau Street, N. Y.

## J. H. WINSLOW & CO. FURNITURE, FURNITURE 75,000 Watches, Chains, &c.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

#### DEGRAAF TAYLOR,

FORWERLY H. P. DEGRAAT.

#### No. 87 BOWERY, NEW YORK.

This establishment is six storeys in height, and extends 242 feet through to No. 65 Chrystic Street—making it one of the largest Furniture Houses in the United States.

They are prepared to offer great inducements to the Wholesale Trade for Time or Cash. Their stock consists in part, of

#### ROSEWOOD, PARLOR AND CHAMBER FURNITURE;

Mahogany and Walnut, Parlor and Chamber Furniture .

Also, CANE and WOOD SEAT work, all qualities; HAIR, HUSK and SPRING MATTRESSES, a large stock ENAMELLED CHAMBER FURNITURE, in Sets, from \$22 to \$100.

Tucker's New Style Patent Spring Bed,

The best as well as the cheapest of any in use. Retail price, \$2 each.

Their facilities for manufacturing defy competition. All work guaranteed as represented.

The Fact is Well-Known that

DR. FELIX GOURAUD'S MEDICATED

Gouraud's Poudre Subtile

Uproots hair from low foreheads or any part of the body. Warranted. \$1.

Gouraud's Lily White, Liquid Rouge, And his other chemical preparations can be had at his new Depot, 463 Broadway, near Grand; Callender, Philadelphia; Battes, Boston, and Druggists generally. Upram, Philadelphia, is no longer Dr. G. a Agent.

Literary Agency, Established in 1842.

Literary Agency, Established in 1842. The subscriber has, for more than 20 years past, been in the habit of reading and preparing manuscripts for the Press. At first this labor was one of kindness, and performed gratuitously. But it became so burdensome, and absorbed so much time, that a small charge in the nature of a preliminary fee became necessary. This fee, not exceeding \$25, and generally less, compensated both for a careful and critical perusal of a work in manuscript, and the offering of it, if approved, to publishers.

The subscriber continues to receive and read manuscripts in the same manner, giving his candid opinion concerning them, and arranging for their printing and publication, when desired to do so. He makes his charges as small as possible, since his chief object is to aid and benefit authors.

In all cases letter of advice should be forwarded by mail, while manuscripts are sent, prepaid, either through the Post Office or by express, legibly addressed, PARK BENJAMIN, 75 West 45th st., N. Y.

Stereoscopic Views and Cartes de Visite

The Great Money-Making Article.

Everybody needs it. Agents or Soldiers can make \$10 a day. Sample, with particulars, sent free by mail, for 25 cents. Address E. H. MARTIN, Hinsdale, N. H.

Do You Want Luxuriant Whiskers or Moustaches?

MY ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price \$1.—sent by mail, post free, to any address on receipt of an order.

R. G. GRAHAM, 109 Nassau St., N. Y.

"Album Gems."-Something New, Gay

and Fancy. The most desirable Cards ever published— including the French Dancing Girl; Venus Sporting with Love; Bedtime; Bombarding Charleston; Sinking the 290, etc., etc. Price only 8 cents each, or \$1 for the

R. R. R. —Rich Rare and Racy Reading. Free or a stamp. Address BANNER, Hinsdale, N. H.

Whiskers! Whiskers!

MY ONGUENT will force them to grow on the smoothest face in 21 days. Satisfaction given or money refunded. Price 25 cents, or 6 packages for \$1, by mail. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ill,

Beauty.-Hunt's Bloom of Roses,

A charming, delicate and perfect natural color for the cheeks or lips; does not wash off or injure the skin; remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Price \$1.18 cents by mail, securely packed from observation.

HUNT & CO., PERSURERS, 000 133 South Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

The Early Physical Degeneracy of American People,

and the early melancholy decline of Childhood and Youth, just published by DR. STONE, Physician to the Iroy Lung and Hygienic Institute.

A Treatise on the above subject, the cause of Nervous beblifty, Marsamus and Consumption; Wasting of the Jital Fluids, the mysterious and hidden causes of Palitation, Impaired Nutrition and Digestion.

163-Fail not to send two red stamps and obtain this pook. Address

DR. ANDREW STONE,

Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute and Physician for Discases of the Heart, Throat an Lungs, No. 96 Fifth Street, Troy, N. Y. 462-74

G. W. TOMLINSON, Publisher, 221 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

600

set of 15 cho

nt kinds. Send stamp for a Catalogu VICTOR DELAPO, 80 Nassau St., N. Y.

Photograph Cards for Gentlemen-amples and Catalogues sent for 25 cents. Enclose an envelope with your own name and address.

D. HEMMETTE, 58½ Liberty St., N. Y.



#### HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

## STOMACH BITTERS.

A TIMELY WARNING TO THE SICK.—It is es A TIMELY WARNING TO THE SICK.—It is especially important at this time, when the markets of the United States are flooded with the direst poisons, under the name of imported liquors, and when domestic compounds purporting to be medicinal, but not a whit less pernicious, are heralded to the world as "sovereign remedies," that the public should fully understand the facts. Be it known then, that while all the Horics containing alcohol are manufactured with a fiery article containing alcohol are manufactured with a fiery article containing amyl or fuel oil, a mortal poison; HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS contain none of these things, but are a combination of pure Essence of Rye with the pure juices of the most valuable stomachic, anti-bilious and aperient herbs and plants, and that as a safe and rapid remedy for Dyspepsis and all its kindred complaints, this preparation stands before the world without a rival or competitor. Its sales today are equal to the combined sales of all the other Tonics advertised in the United States, and the certificates which authenticate its usefulness are signed by individuals of the Highest standing in every professional individuals of the highest standing in every professional calling and walk of life. Beware of imitations and

mpostures. Sold by all Druggists and Family Grocers.

#### Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,

PREPARED AND SOLD BY

HOSTETTER & SMITH, PITTSBUBG, Pa. NEW YORK OFFICE, 59 CEDAR STREET.

#### If you want to Know, &c., read MEDICAL COMMON SENSE.

A curious book for curious people, and a good book for every one. Price \$1 50. To be had at all News\_Depots. Contents tables mailed free. Address ... Address ... Hoove, when the contents tables mailed free ... No. 1,130 Broadway, N. Y.

\$10 AGENTS

And Dealers, to sell Fine Crayon Portrait of
LIEUT.-GEN. U. S. GRANT,
LINCOLN and McCLELLAN,
and 20 more Novel and Useful Articles. Profit large.
Send Stamp for Circular. Sample by mail, 50c.
-000 8. W. BICE & CO., 83 Nassau St., N. Y.

To Agents and the Trade. Send to Headquarters for CAMPAIGN GOODS, where everything in the way of the goods that will sell can be had at Manufacturers' Prices.

A descriptive Catalogue, with special terms, sent on application. Address B. W. HITCHCOCK, If Campaign Headquarters, 14 Chamber St., N. Y.

Something to do—<sup>66</sup> Pleasant and Pro-fitable."—Good Books, ready sales, and good profits. Agents wanted. Address, with prepaid envelope for answer, SOME ADDRESS AND SOME ADDR

AMERICAN BILLIARD TABLE

#### AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS,

Approved and adopted by the Billiard Congress of 1863 The best and only reliable Billiard Table manufactured Balls, Cues, and every article relating to Billiards, for sale by

PHELAN & COLLENDER, Corner of Crosby and Spring Sis., N. Y. 000

Army and Wavy, 100 Days' Men, Soldiers in Camp, use RILTER'S PATENT PORTABLE DESK, Portiolio and Checker-Board combined. Weight only 12 ounces, coviains 20 articles. Agents wanted. Mailed free for \$1.5.

A. J. RITTER,
Rahway, N. J.

Bahway, N. J.

# WORTH \$400,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 20 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for \$1; and at the same time get our Circular containing full lists of articles and particulars, also terms to Agents, which we want in every Regiment and Town in the country.

Six Certificates can be ordered for \$1; thirteen for \$2; thirty-five for \$5; and one hundred for \$12.

Address A. C. CLARK,

450-62

P. O. Drawer 118, Albany, N. Y.

WEDDING CARDS. MISSELOVE Franch Nate Papers, Seals and Pressos, Silver Plates, etc., at J. Everdell's, 309 Broadway, cor. Duane St. For Specimens by mail, sand 55 cents.

fascinate and gain the love, confidence, affection and good will of any person they choose, instantly. This simple mental acquirement all can possess, securing certain success in love, marriage, etc., free by mail, for 25 cents, together with a guide to the unmaried of both sexes—an extraordinary book, of great interest. Third edition; over 100,000 copies already sold. Address
T. WILLIAM & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia.

Beautifies the Complexion, removes Tan, Freckies an Discolorations, and renders the Skin White, Soft, Smoot and Clear. All Druggists have it on sale, 000 DEPOT, 718 BROADWAY.

Notwithstanding the increase in price of chemi-

#### K. W. BENICZKY, PHOTOGRAPHER,

No. 2 New Chambers Street, N. Y., Will take Card Pictures at the OLD PRICE for a short

\$1 50 PER DOZEN.

Large Photographs \$1 the first—50 cts. additional ones.

Particular attention paid to copying Cards or Ambro-types into handsome Colored Photographs and Cards; even if the original is defixed, it can be copied to a perfect picture at a reasonable price.

Matrimony. Why every man should marry. Why every woman should marry. All may marry. Why every woman should marry. All may marry to know. Read the Illustrated Marriage Guide and Medical Adviser, by WM. EARL, M. D., 200 pages. Mailed in sealed envelope on receipt of 25 cts. Address 12 White Street, New York.

#### **MATRIMONIAL FAVORS**

BRIDAL SETS, BRIDAL GARNITURES, BRIDES-MAIDS' SETS, OSTRICH FEATHERS AND PARIS FLOWERS,

At TUCKER'S. 759 Broadway.

## Attention, Company!

CLARK'S ONGUENT.—A Powerful Stimulant. Each packet warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers or Moustaches in Six Weeks upon the smoothest face, without stain or injury to the skin. Any person using this Onguent and finding it not as represented (by informing me of the fact), can have their money returned to them at any time within three months from day of purchase. Price \$1. Sent scaled and postpaid to any address on receipt of the money. Address A. C. CLARK, 458-83

P. O. Drawer 118, Albany, N. Y.

Wonderful! Strange! Full Instructions by which any person can master the art of Ventriloquism in a few hours and make a world of fun. Sent by mail for 25 cents, or 6 for \$1. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, III.

## FRANK LESLIE'S

# **Unrivalled Publications**

Frank Leslie's Lady's analysis of AZETTE OF FASHION. The best Family Magazine published. The reading portion is the cream of contemporary English literature. The Illustrations are unsurpassed in number and execution. Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine and In FASHIONS it has no equal or competitor—no lady an dispense with it. Terms, \$3 per annum.

Frank Leslie's Ten Cent Monthly,the Ledger of the Magazines, full of brilliant stories and other Iliustrated matter. \$1 per annum; 15 cts. a No.

Prank Leslie's Illustrirte Zeitung,-the ly German Illustrated paper in the country. per annum.

Frank Leslie's Lady's Illustrated Al-25 cents.



#### Royal Havana Lottery.

100 per cent. premium paid for prizes. Information furnished. Highest price paid for Doubloons and all kinds of Gold and Silver.

TAYLOR & CO., Bankers,

No. 16 Wall Street, N. X. Beautiful Palse Moustaches, 50 cents and \$1 a pair; Whiskers, \$4; send stamp for Circulars.
Address C. W. PHILO, Brooklyn, N. Y.



Enameled White, 50 cents; Pearl White, 75 cents; "Snow White," Linen Finished, \$1. Illusion Stitched and Corded, \$1 25. Suitable Tie, \$1. "Medicated" Army and Navy Shirts, 36 each, "impervious" to "Malaria," "Miasma," or "Atmospheric Influence." To the Military man, Tourist and Civilian are of the utmost importance. Mailed on prepayment.

O JEANERET, 78 Nassau St., N. Y.

New York Giant News.—A large sup-lement published to the National Intelligent (size 52 neches square), containing the life of Edward V. Rice.—A resm.—A Tale of Two Cities, etc., etc., sent by mall, on receipt of 10 cents, by addressing A. V. RICE, ublisher, Prescott, Wis. Agents wanted.



For Hardening & Invigorating the Gums

Cleansing, Beautifying and Preserving the Teeth, Purifying and Sweetening the Breath; the most con-venient, efficacious and beneficial article for the Teeth

venient, emercios san the world has ever seen. Sold by Druggists and Fancy Goods dealers every-where—75 cents per bottle. HALL & RUCKEL, Proprietors, 465-780 218 Greenwich St., N. Y.

#### LADIES' LETTER.

PIVE ANATOMICAL ENGRAVINGS

Has information never before published. Sent free, in a sealed envelope, for 10 cents.

O Address Box 4652, New York Post Office.

Sportsmen, Tourists,

AND ARMY AND NAVY OFFICERS, Powerful and Brilliant Double Glasses



Portability combined with great power in Field, Marine, Tourists', Opera and general out-door day and night double out-door day and night double perspective glasses, will show distinctly a person to know him at from 2 to 6 miles. Spectacles of the greatest transparent power to strengthen without the distressing result of frequent changes, Catalogues sent by enclosing stamp.

Simumons, Oculists—Opticians, 660½ Broadway, N. Y.



GROVER & BAKER'S

HIGHEST PREMIUM ELASTIC STITCH SEWING MACHINES!

Salesrooms, 495 Broadway, New York



ant dressing.
Also effecting a cure for most diseases incident to the

scalp.
A trial will prove our as For sale by all Druggists.

For sale by all Druggists.

Price \$1 per case.

WARING & CO.,

Proprietors,

35 Dey Street, N. Y.

Sutlers, the Best Prize Stationery Packages are put up by
J. L. G. PIERPONT, 37 & 39 Nassau St., N. Y.
487-79 No advance in price.

#### FACT! STARTLING

Highly Important to Soldiers.

Statistics show (and figures cannot lie) that four times as many men die from sickness contracted in camp as are killed in battle. Bowel Complaints, Malaria, Dysentery and Diarrhers are the great scourage of a Soldier's life. Df. D. EVANS'S MEDICATED FLANNEL ABDOMINAL SUPPORTER is the great safeguard against camp sickness, and should be worn by all persons exposed to malarious diseases. As a health protector, it has proved itself "the best fissenstion of the sear." He peculiar effects are to give strength and vigor to drooping muscular action, and protect the system against colds, which at this season bring on Dysentery, Diarrhora, &c., &c. They are a great improvement over the home-made bandage and stomach belt. Thousands who have worn them would not be without them. They are endorsed by highest medical and scientific authority. See Hall's Journal of Health, Scientific american, &c. Sent free by mail on receipt of price.

No. 1, Large Size, combining Flannel Supporter and American, &c. Sent free by mail on receipt of price.

No. 1, Large Size, combining Flannel Supporter and
Money Belt, \$2.

No. 2, Medium Size, same as above, \$1 50,

No. 3, ditto, small, \$1.

Price of above; without pockets, \$1 50, \$1, 75 cents.

Send your orders to

G. G. EVANS,
(General Agent for the United States),
630 Chestaut St., Philadelphia, Pa.



STATE OF THE MARKET.

OLD LADY—"What! two cents a pound more to-day than yesterday—and after such great violories!" BUTCHEE—"That's how it is. Each fresh victory costs more money, and so makes things dearer."

#### \$15 PER DAY \$15

GURANTEED TO ALL AGENTS who sell our great New and Wonderful Extra Large Size Stationery Prize Packages; \$25 CAN HE MADE in a few hours by Smart Agents. Every Dollar invested more than doubled. Greatest MONEY-MAKING Business of the age. Each Package contains large quantities of fine Writing Materials, such as Paper, Envelopes, Pencils, Pens, Pen Holders, Blotters, Engravings, Ladies' Paris Fashion Plates, Designs for Needlework, Household Companions, Parlor Games, Keepsakes, Pocket Calendars for 1864, Letter Writers' Instructors, Valuable Recipes, Many Ways to get Rich, Yanker Notions, Fancy Articles, Rich Jewellery, &c., &c. Sales immense. Everybody buys them. A Splendid Solin Gold of Old or Silver Hunting Case Leven Watch (warranted), presented FREE to each person who acts as Agent. Send for our Great New Circulars for 1864, containing Extra Premium inducements free.

S. C. RICKARDS & CO., 102 Nassan Street, New York.



BALLOU'S PATENTED

FRENCH YOKE SHIRTS

Warranted to FIT, and to be CHEAPER

for the same QUAL-ITIES and MAKE than those of any other Shirt House in this city.

Circular contai ing drawings as prices sent free.

For sale by all the principal dealers throughout the United States.

BALLOU BROTHERS, 403 Broadway, N. Y.



The only enamelled "Turn-over" Collar made in metals. Send \$1 for a "Turn-over," or 75 cents for a "Choker," to C. H. WEILLING, 94 Pine Street, N., and receive it by return mail.

WM. KNABE & CO MANUFACTURERS OF GOLD MEDAL

GRAND AND SQUARE PIANOS.

BALTIMORE, Md.



Certificates of Excellence from Thalberg, Gotzechalk, Strakosch, G. Satter, and other leading attists. Every Instrument warranted for five years.

Price lists promptly WM. KNABE & CO.

ent on application.

A Secret Worth Enowing.—How to make the CELEBRATED WESTERN CIDER without apples or other fruit, in 12 hours. The Recipe sent everywhere for 25 cents. Address 0000 F. B. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass.

Cooley's Cabinet Printing Office FOR THE ARMY AND NAVY,

ants, Bankers, Teachers. Amateurs, etc., etc., And warranted to print in the best manner. Send for Circular J. G. COOLEY,

Spruce St., N. Y

## PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAICN MEDALS

Of every description, now ready in Pin and Medal. Trade orders solicited and promptly filled at Factory prices. Wholesale Depot. CAMPAIGN MEDAL CO., 0 436 Broadway, N. Y.

**BRIDGEWATER PAINT** 

and in Oil in several drab shades for Villas, Cot Roofs, etc., etc. R. REYNOLDS, Agent, 74 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

#### FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

Hillarius for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Fortress Monros, Harper's Ferry, Newberne, FortBoyal, and all other places, should be sent at half rates, by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 65 Broadway. Suiters charged low rates.

## GREAT CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY!

Agents can make \$10 to \$20 a day selling our celebrated PRIZE STATIONERY PACKETS. We have every variety, to suit the tastes of all; retail for 25 cts. each. A Spiendid GOLD OR BILVER WATCH presented free to each Agent; \$17 capital only required to obtain 100 Packages and a fine Silver Watch. Also, SPLENDID STEEL ENGRAVINGS. \$10 invested will yield \$50. Send for Circulars. Mailed free.

G. S. HASKINS & CO.,
Prize Package and Engraving Warchouse, o

## CREAT 115 | 11 TRIUMPH | 116 | 11

STEINWAY & SONS,

Nos. 71 and 73 Fourteenth St., N. Y.,

Were awarded a First Prize Medal at the late Great International Exhibition, London. There were two hundred and sixty-nine pianos from all parts of the world entered for competition

The Special Correspondent of the N. Y. Times says: "Messrs. Steinway's endorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker." 6000

Use of Tobacco, in all forms, Cured nd Prevented. Particulars free. Address 483-750 CHAS. H. DAY, New Haven, Conn.

# WATCH. \$10

A BEAUTIFUL ENGLAYED GOLD-FLATED WATCH, Double Case, Lever Cap, Small Size, White Enamelled Dial, Cut Hands, "English Movements," and Correct Timekeeper, with an accurate "Ministaure Calendar," indicating the Day of the Week, Month, &c., in back case. A single one sent free, by mail, in nest case, with a BEAUTIFUL VEST CHAIS, for only \$10.

A neat SILVER WATCH, same as above, with the Ministure Calendar, &c., specially adapted to the ARMY. Sent free by mail, for only \$8.

#### British Army Officer's Watch,

A STORM, HEAT AND TIME INDICATOR, with Thermometer, Compass and Culendar improvement, Day of the Month and Week, Hour, Minute and Second. A valuable and Correct Guide for the Soldier, Sailor or Traveller, Jewelled English Action, Solid Hunting Cases. Warranted. Price, single one, by mail, with key, case, &c., complete,

Address CHAS. P. NORTON & CO., Sole Importers, 88 and 40 Ann Street, N. Y.

The Great Inside Route for Boston. STONINGTON STEAMBOAT LINE 264 GROTON AND PROVIDENCE.

The Oldest, Quickest and Safest. COMMONWEALTH,

Capt. J. W. WILLIAMS, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. The

Sturdays, The PLYMOUTH ROCK,
Capt. J. C. Geer, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays,
Starting from Pier No. 18 North River (foot of Coriland street), and acknowledged by all experienced travellers to be the largest, strongest and most comfortable ever run in American waters. In the stormiest weather of the winter these steamers invariably make the passage. Sumptuous Suppers and Luxuriously-Furnished State-Rooms are marked features of these Steamers.

SURE CONNECTIONS made with Newport.

State Rooms may be secured at Harnden's Express, 74 Broadway; 115 West Street, N. Y.; and at 76 Washington St., Boston. M. R. SIMONS, Agent,
Merchant's Navigation and Transportation Co.

## RDS SHIRTS SENT EVERYW BY MAIL OR EXPRESS

Self-Measurement for Shirts.

Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere.

# STEEL COLLARS

ENAMELED WHITE,

Having the appearance and comfort of linen, have been worn in England for the last two years in preference to any other collar, as they are readily cleaned in one minute with a recognition.

any other coans, as minute with a sponge, To Military Men and Travellers they are invaluable. Price 75 comis each; sout by post to any part of the Union on the receipt of 50 cents. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

AGENTS WANTED in every Town in the Unio

S. W. H. WARD,

No. 387 Broadway, New York.

## **Highly Important to Soldiers!**

The "STYPTIC," discovered by the celebrated Chemist, PROF. LIEBIG, is an infallible remedy for Hemorrhage and Bleeding from Wounds. It is put up conveniently so that every soldier may carry it in his pocket. As soon as wounded it should be applied and the bleeding will cease instantly. It is used in all European armies, and has saved the lives of thousands during the Italian and the Danish wars. Bont, with full directions, to any address, on receipt of \$1.

A liberal discount to the trade.

P. DAMM, Sole Agent for the U. 8. off

Output, 476 Broadway, N. Y.

#### Gold Pens.

We will send to any address, on receipt of \$1 50, one of our Large Size, fine quality, Warranted GOLD PENS and silver-plated Extension Case. Pens Repointed for 50 cents. Send stamp for circular.

AMERICAN GOLD PEN CO.,

469-720

Norvous Diseases and Physical Debili-NotVoits Jiscussos and a lystem set of the try, arising from Specific causes, in both sexes—new and reliable treatment in Reports of the HOWARD ASSOCIATION—sent in sealed letter envelopes, free of charge. Address DR. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 0

Shults' Onguent. Warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in Six Weeks or money refunded. Sent, postpaid, for 50 cents. Address 458-700 C. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 500 TREES, mailed to any address for 50 ct THREE of different powers for \$1. Address 0000 F. B. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass.

## T. HAYWARD,

208 BROADWAY, N. X.

Principal Army, Navy, Campaign, Masonic and Society Badge Manufacturer of the United States.

I have now ready the appropriate Hadge adopted by every Corps in the Army. Also, Artillery, Cavalry, Engineer, Naval and Pontonier Badges. I want an Agent in every Regiment in the Army and on board every Vessal in the service: 'I will send as sample, on the receipt of \$1, together with my wholesale Illustrated Circular to Agents, either a Solid Silver Sheld (pure coin) of the 1st, 2d, 3d, 5th, 6th, 1th or 12th Army Corps Badge, with your Name, Regiment and Co. handsomely Engraved thereon; and for \$150 I will send either the New Artillery or Battery Pin, Engineer, Pontonier, Cavalry, 9th, 10th, 14th, 18th, 19th, 19th, 2oth or 23d Army Corps Badge, Engraved as above. Officers' Badges and Badges of Every Description made to order.

#### To all wanting Farms. Vineland Lands.

Large and thriving settlements, mild and healthful climate, 30 miles south of Philadelphia by railroad. Rich soil, which produces large crops, which can now be seen growing. Ten, twenty and fifty acre tracts at from \$25 to \$35 per acre, payable within four years. Good business openings for manufactories and others. Churches, schools and good society. It is now the most improving place East or West. Hundrads are setting and building. The beauty with which the place is laid out is unsurpassed. Letters answered. Papers giving full information will be sent free. Address CHAS. K. LANDIS, Vineland Post Office, Cumberland county, New Jersey.

From Report of Solon Romsson, agricultural editor of the Tribune:

'It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position and suitable condition for pleasan; furming, that we know of this side of the Western prairies."